Spirit of the Times.

A Chronicle of the Turf, Field Sports, Literature and the Stage.

OFFICE { CORNER OF BROADWAY AND BARCLAY-ST IN THE AMERICAN HOTEL BASEMENT. } NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1839. VOL. IX.—N° 43.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The letter of Dr. J. C. N., of M., to "the President" has been received, and we have been instructed by the gallant Commodore to address a copy accordingly, which shall be done as soon as we can get hold of one, our's having been sent off already.

R. P., Esq., of L., is apprised that we are on the look-out for a 3 yr. old rider, a gardener, a bull, a trotting stallion, the M—— colt, and M. E. for him. We have written in all directions, and shall be able to answer him at length in a few days. Send the two promised articles at your earliest convenience, as we desire to put the pictures in the hands of the artist.

W. R. B., Esq., of La , incloses a note for $50, for an *extra copy* of the "Spirit" and "Register," to be retained for him until the close of the volumes, and adds—"It would give me great pleasure to see you at my residence, and to enjoy the sports of the Chase. If ever you come to Louisiana again, come with your mind made up to do so, for I assure you I will not let you off." Our grateful impulses at the recollection of the kindness and hospitality we received in Louisiana two years since, will require no such prompting as that conveyed in the sentence above quoted, to induce us to embrace the earliest opportunity of revisiting that State, and W. R. B. may assure himself that in the meantime, we shall anticipate with the highest gratification the pleasure of meeting him "At Home."

T. H. H., Esq., of L., will see by an advertisement that we have set about executing his commission, which we trust to supply from Long Island or the Western part of this State. No less than four are wanted, so that if necessary we shall despatch a man to Rhode Island and Massachusetts, which have produced some first rate "performers."

J. W. W., Esq., of B., will be furnished with the pedigrees, etc. in the course of a few days.

To B. G. H., of L. The horse is worth $3500, but will not command that sum in cash while money is so much "a cash article" as at present. We have him on our list of good 'uns, and will do the best we can to find a customer for him.

To G. L. S. Peter Pindar says "Fleas are not lobsters—damn their souls," and we add that the term "dog cheap," where horse-flesh is concerned, conveys quite an indefinite idea of its value in dollars and cents. We have the prices of the three principal nags, but can do nothing for the others without theirs also. The 5 yr. old by F— what is his color, size, pedigree, and price?

Gen. M. T. H., of W., is apprised of the receipt of his letter. It is a pretty tall price, is $4000, just at this time, but he ought not to be sold for a dollar less. Indeed, did we own him we should not be anxious to get rid of him at 20 per cent. advance, as his stock will be in still greater demand another season, there being few, if any, 4 yr. old colts, relatives of his, that are of equal promise.

We coincide heartily with "Chesterfield" in his detestation of the practice of indiscriminate introduction, whereby a gentleman is frequently excessively annoyed by the reflection that he may not recognise persons to whom he has been introduced, or address those to whom he has not had an introduction. Is our correspondent acquainted with the man who knocked another down for introducing him to *a perfect stranger*?

Mr. L. S., of L., is informed that no report of the "Jefferson Agricultural Fair" has reached us. Will he send a copy? The Sept. No. has been forwarded as requested.

We would publish without charge the pedigree and produce of Mr. Thos. J. Young's *Betty Young*, but in sealing his letter he placed a wafer on the name of her great grand sire, and probably took away a good cross. Will he send another list?

D. W. W., of L., can be supplied at from $30 to $50. The freight to New Orleans would be $10 more.

J. M‡H., Esq., of C., is apprised of the receipt of his long com. which will appear in the Jan. number of the T. R. The "little packages" were forwarded; one of his articles for the "Spirit" was overlooked until last week, when it was published with great pleasure. Send whatever you find leisure to write, and as many orders for "two or three books" as you please.

If Dr. Z. M., Jr., of S., is still desirous of purchasing blood stock, now is his time; several fine lots are in the market, and if he will say frankly how much he is willing to pay, we can probably supply him. It would not be worth while to pay insurance against "disasters of the sea," and no other risk is taken by offices in this city.

The communication of T. A., of N., will be published as an advertisement; the *intelligence* contained in it he will find in its proper place. The "stud" owes us $15 already, and promises not to owe us less.

While we thank our old friend D. W. S., Esq., of N., for the assurances of his good feeling, we must dissent from some of the opinions expressed in his letter. The campaign this winter in the South-west will change his opinions or ours. *Nous verrons.* In the meantime we will oblige him with pleasure in the way suggested.

R. L. D. C., Esq., of N. O., will confer a signal favor by writing on any sporting subject with the ability and elegance with which he depicts the rural scenery, etc. of Louisiana. The article before us is not in keeping with the design and scope of this paper, and while we dislike to refuse it, we cannot promise to publish it—at any rate not immediately. The friend whose residence he describes we "know all to pieces;" he is a trump, and no mistake.

We have a dozen orders for horses, dogs, and rifles, which reminds us ("Talking of guns!") to ask if no one wishes some *original poetry*? We have almost any quantity on hand, "which will be disposed of in lots to suit purchasers." Wild Cat money and Jersey Shin-plasters taken at par for any thing in the sentimental line, and Brandon paper for Byronic gin-and-water stanzas. Bills of Broken Banks taken for very affecting misanthropic "effusions," and good-looking counterfeits that will do to frame, for "devotional pieces."

"An Angling Sketch," by G. W. B., Esq., will find a place at an early day.

"An Albanian in the West Indies." Would that the graceful writer of the sketches under this title had selected a different theme; they lose half their effect in our columns, being unsuited to the peculiar taste of the mass of readers, who feel no wise interested in the subject; yet the sketches are in a fresh and vigorous spirit, and in a magazine like the "Southern Literary Messenger," for instance, they would be read and appreciated, and consequently greatly admired.

Of three poetical epistles by "Harold," perhaps of equal merit, we have selected one as peculiarly appropriate to this paper; the others may be had at the desk. In the author we recognise a prominent member of the Savannah (Ga.) Rifle Club, lately returned from Europe.

An article in rhyme, signed "H—l—d," may be had at the desk; it is very cleverly done, but not in the right vein for the "Spirit."

An "Essay on Fox Hunting" would be inserted, but for the fear that some of our readers might be strangled in attempting to get through a sentence without taking breath. Here's a specimen—the shortest sentence we recollect:—

"The head of the Fox is diversified with various stripes and ramifications eradiating from its exceedingly resplendant focus which illumines the remotest end of his oscillating tail like a fiery comet, flashing through the immense concavity of Nature's bloody domain encircling the moon with all the nauseous putrefaction effluviating from those irrefragible animalculæ mingled with the Nebulæ of Vulcan's forge, terrifying the commotions which exploded Cerberus while somnambulating at the gates of the Heliatic sphere!"

We should like to hear again from the writer of an article attached to which was the following neat hit:—

The Brokers in Wall street *versus* Samuel Swartwout, Esq.
"Oh Sam, Oh Sam, you've done amiss
And well deserve your fate."
Sam says, "Oh no, I've done no miss
I've only *done* the *State*."

W.A.S. We are obliged by your kind offers of service, but our travelling Agent attends to that business on his periodical visits to your place.

☞ Two or three complete sets of the "American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine" from Vol. I to X, inclusive, may be had at this office, elegantly bound, with all the plates, etc.

The stock C. J. desires to part with have been placed on our list of Blood Stock for Sale. Our agent has been directed to call upon him this week.

J. B. K., of B. We found every thing snug. The additions have been made, and your stock will be attended to. F. reached Philadelphia in safety, and is daily expected here. Mr. L will be here on Saturday to receive him, but should he arrive in the meantime, Dr. M. has directed us how to dispose of him and H——k.

We have not heard from Mr. SHOTWELL where *Grey Eagle* will stand next season.

The match between W. and C. for $5000 a side, $1000 ft., will be a go "sure," so far as the C. party are concerned; they think they have a good thing, and are very sweet on their nag.

Will Dr. L. A. R., of Mt. M., inform us how we shall send his patch cutter? The XV. will be most acceptable.

S. S., Esq., of N. We will do our best to serve you in the matter.

Col. J. M'L. We are a little surprised at your intended desertion from the ranks, and especially after so brilliant a campaign. If you intend merely "weeding out," we will assist; but if "pulling up everything by the roots" is your intention, we certainly shall not help. We cannot spare such a man in the Old North State.

J. T. F., of Conn. The missing Nos. have been sent.

H. W. H., of Maine. Your request has been complied with.

L. S., of L. The No. of the Turf Register asked for is on its road.

J. H., of P. A duplicate No. of the "Spirit" for Nov. 30 has been forwarded.

Miss C. did not get further than Philadelphia on her way to Pittsburg; she was taken ill there, and returned to town, where she is now convalescent, after a severe illness.

Veto is fifteen hands and a half high.

The finest imported Durham bull north of the Potomac may be purchased for $1200.

Toomer and his wife (late Miss Ayres) sailed for England some time since.

R. A. LOCKE, Esq., and not the late Mr. A. A. LOCKE, was the author of the celebrated Moon Hoax.

There is more of Lady Lightfoot's stock for sale here.

We have no local Agents. Postmasters are allowed by law to forward subscriptions for papers received at their offices.

Fanny Pullen's colt by Imp. Trustee is 18 months old, and a chesnut. How would it answer? Fanny was one of the most celebrated trotting mares on our turf.

Kendall, of the "Picayune," can tell L. the "price of putty!"

Canvass backs were selling at $2,50 the pair, at Baltimore and Havre de Grace, a fortnight since.

Wanted at This Office.

Four Trotting Stallions. See advertisement in another column.
A Gardener (that can also attend to Cattle,) to go to Kentucky.
Two Jockies that can ride a 3 yr. old's weight.
Two first rate Setters and a Setter Slut. See Advt.
Two Trainers, one to go to Alabama, and one to Kentucky.

Apply immediately (if by letter, postpaid) to the Editor of the "Spirit of the Times," who is authorized to dispose of several very valuable lots of BLOOD STOCK. Gentlemen desirous of purchasing Racing or Breeding Stock, Durham Cattle, etc. may address as above, stating what they require, and the prices they are willing to give.

☞ Two SHILLINGS each will be paid for the following numbers of the "Spirit of the Times" for 1836, viz.—20, 22, 28, 29, 32, 33, 34, and 45.

☞ Fifteen Dollars will be paid at this office for the first three volumes of the Turf Register.

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THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 28, 1839.

THE SENIOR EDITOR AT HOME.

Since we last had the pleasure of occupying the editorial chair, we have had the happiness and the honor to renew old intimacies, and create new ones, in a wide circle of gentlemen in Kentucky, Tennessee, and South Carolina, whose chivalry and spirit is only paralleled by their elegant and refined hospitality. It is impossible to erase from our mind the memory of their unlimited kindness, or the delicate manner in which it was bestowed; and while we gratefully appreciate the high breeding which dictated their generous impulses towards us, the mere acknowledgement of the unbounded hospitality that we everywhere experienced fills our eyes and throat with the emotion its remembrance must ever excite. From the start, we found ourselves making, instead of a tedious journey, a series of friendly visits, meeting kindness and attention in every quarter, and we had only to regret that our necessary progress, while it abated our pleasure, and separated us from new-found friends, gave us so little time to enlarge the circle of useful and interesting acquaintances. We could not, had we space, speak a moiety of our gratitude for kindness so unexpected and so undeserved. We can but attempt to acknowledge the unremitted attentions which were showered upon us at Louisville, Lexington, Nashville, Cincinnati, Columbia, Washington, and other cities, and therefore leave it to the noble natures which prompted them, to conceive of the sincerity and depth of that gratitude which such disinterested kindness should excite within us.

Most cheerfully we return to our labors again, with renovated health, and renewed energy of purpose. Not unconnected with the interests and prosperity of our two publications have been the objects of our absence, and the cause of an extended tour through the Western and Southern States. For a long time it had been our most earnest desire to visit those sections of the Union, where *the good cause* we advocate is most generally appreciated and most liberally encouraged; to gratify this wish, and to make ourselves personally acquainted with the gentlemen, the country, the blood stock, and the various interests involved in the "Spirit of the Times" and the "Turf Register," we took a sudden leave of our editorial chair in September last, and have since most advantageously employed our leisure in the pleasing survey. Returning fresh from "the race horse region," and laden with the information a personal observation has afforded us, we shall be better enabled than ever to cater for the tastes and wishes of our readers, and we assure them, and all our friends, that so far as liberal expenditures, individual industry, and unflinching perseverance, can improve the appearance and the value of the contents of our publications, nothing shall be wanting on our parts to render them all that their warmest friends can desire.

It was our purpose this week to have written out for the "Spirit of the Times" our impressions of the late Louisville Races, which for interest and brilliancy have probably never been surpassed in the United States, either in the character of the attendance, or the excellence of the sport. In our next, however, we shall endeavor to redeem our pledges, by doing justice to a Club whose last meeting was, without exception, the most attractive and intensely interesting we ever had the pleasure of attending.

The strong force that has "carried on the war" with the "Spirit" and the "Register" during our absence, is entitled to the grateful consideration not only of the writer of this paragraph, but of our readers generally; and our subscribers will be gratified to learn that the return of "the Corinthian" will not "push them from their stools" editorial. The young ones go so kindly in harness, and add so much to the style and general effect of the turn-out, that they will hereafter be hitched on as leaders, and we entertain the belief that a better matched team, or more stylish carriage, has never challenged the reader's attention.

Ever since our return we have been so incessantly engaged in executing commissions for Southern and Western friends, as to have had small leisure to write out our "pencillings by the way" of what we saw and heard during our four months' travel. Every nook and corner of the office is filled with letters and communications, and we have commissions enough to employ "seven men and a boy" for a fortnight. All sorts of "fixins" are wanted, from blood horses to copper coal-scuttles—from long-tailed sows and short-legged pigs, to jockey spurs and patent lightning-rods. One gentleman alone wants a 3 yr. old Barefoot colt, a gardener, a trotting stallion, a 3 yr. old jockey, a Durham bull, a trainer, and a mousetrap! Nothing, however, gives us more pleasure than to have it in our power to oblige our friends, and as we are in want of all sorts of truck, persons would do well to make known at this office if they have "on sale or to let" either setters or saddles, chesnut horses or horse chesnuts, rifles or radish-seed, fighting cocks or patent axle-trees, frogs for frying or tragedians for dying, wet nurses or salmon flies, Muscovy hens or painters' pallets, Chifney bits or Smith's Lay Sermons, indelible ink or Ely's wire cartridges, camp meeting hymn-books or Conroy's best trout rods, three year old fillies or presents for New Year's, Bowie knives or Nicholas Nickleby, the last Ladies' Fashions, or songs of Jim Crow, old files of the "Spirit" or the latest new caricatures, tandem whips or counting-house almanacs, racing plates or French mustard, patent side-saddles or ivory toddy-sticks, timing watches or Troy-built coaches. We cannot "begin" to think of half the things that are marked down in our memorandum-book, under the general head of "*Wants*," though several leaves might be filled up with *our own*, under the heads of "New Subscribers" and "Available Funds." Why, we hardly had time to wish a "Merry Christmas" to even our old friends and correspondents "THE GIRLS UP-TOWN," and only got off by promising to drink both their healths in a jorum of whiskey punch the night following. The mails of that morning brought commissions to sell or buy seven Eclipse colts, two Durham bulls, one of Colt's rifles, a book of trout flies, and three pots of Mrs. Goold's pickles, so that our intended jollification was "unavoidably and indefinitely postponed," which circumstance has elicited from the poetess laureate of the two radiant beauties the following characteristic epistle:—

MIDNIGHT, Dec. 26th.

You "Tall son of 'York," how could you deceive
Me into the hope of a visit this eve?
When Fillet de Bœuff and Pigeons, Santé
Have smoked on the hearth and bedevil'd away,
Awaiting for thee!

Never more than the Muses, nor less than the Graces
Should venture to shew their jolly round faces
At a party or feast—so said an old heathen—
So I thought what a classical group we should be then,
We jovial three!

My best cap and frill, and emerald rings
Were sported in vain. Fan 'deavored to sing,
But tears filled her eyes, and hoarse was her throat,
As a bald-headed bul l-frog within a deep moat,
A sighing for thee!

The lemon, and sugar, and Monongahela,
Which into a bumper we all long to feel a
Trickling o'er our keen palates, was suffer'd to wait,
Until the clock told us 'twas getting so late,
We must sip it alone!

Alas, and alack! we bid thee good night,
May the eve of New Years fetch you up all aright,
With your gold-mounted buttons on jacket so fine,
Melted down for a cameo that I shall call mine,
To remind me of thee!
He, he! he, he!

SNOWY HOLIDAYS FOR EVER.

Last winter we had no sleighing on the island of Manhattan; this year we have enjoyed it nearly a week. On Sunday afternoon last, the snow commenced falling, and had it not been drifted very much by the fierce wind, which blew fearfully as it fell, it would have given us a better foundation for sleighing than we have had for several years. On Monday, the omnibuses came down on runners, which have continued in use during the week, although daily admonished by the wretched state of Broadway, for many blocks' extent, that wheels would answer better.

Nothing lends a cheerier aspect to Christmas holidays than fine sleighing.—The very jingling of the merry bells along the street would awaken cheerfulness and mirth, did they not spring spontaneously upon the return of the festive season. On Wednesday the weather was superlatively fine, and throughout the day the streets were filled with citizens; nor did the sleigh riders get in from their excursions in the neighborhood till after midnight—the whole night was vocal with sounds of merriment.

While writing this paragraph (Friday, 4 o'clock P.M.) the wind is blowing from the north-east, and the snow is falling very fast. This gives welcome token of a continuance of sport during the holidays; nothing so conduces to out-of-door gaiety in New York, as fine sleighing. The newspapers assure us that the late storm reached as far south as Baltimore and Washington, where every thing was put in requisition, in the shape of runners, to improve the rare opportunity. May the present storm extend as far, and each reader of the "Spirit" participate in its pleasant fruits; and should this benediction come *too late* for a Christmas congratulation, we would infuse into it something of the heartiness and sincerity with which we wish them (thus much *in advance*), "a happy, happy New Year."

P.S.—Since the above was written, our snow storm has turned into a rain, which, if it continues long at the present rate, will effectually do away with such sleighing as we have had. It is the "nastiest" night, at this present writing, that has recently visited us. The snow-water, mingled on the sidewalks, effectually deter you from walking, while an open omnibus-sleigh in Broadway is by no means a delectable spot, while the rain is pouring as at present—especially when the wind is blowing at a rate that turns umbrellas inside out in a twinkling. In addition, therefore, to the above congratulations of the season, we would wish all readers who have yet to go up town, a speedy delivery from this tempest.

Lectures.—Among the various lectures which are now attracting the attention of the town, we would call attention to those of A. D. PATERSON, Esq., at the Mechanics' Institute. He commenced a series on Monday night last, the theme of the course being Grammar. His preliminary lecture traced the origin, progress, and refinement of language, the course and progress of its cultivation in different countries, the facilities and circumstances which assisted that refinement, and the characteristics of the Greek, Latin, and English languages. He will continue on successive Monday evenings until the conclusion of this subject. We would say with confidence, that no one is more capable of rendering entire justice to his theme than our friend Mr. Paterson.

Original Will.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Dec. 15, 1839.

Dear P.,—A very singular document made its appearance in our city a few days since, and as it may tend to amuse some of your readers, I have concluded to forward to you a copy for publication.

An Irishman by the name of H., a grocer on W. Street in this city, having a few days since taken a drop too much of the "critter" came solemnly to the conclusion that he was going to die, and being possessed of some estate, desired to make and publish a last will and testament. A skilful draughtsman was sent for without delay, and the will was drawn with great care in the very language of the testator. The following is an exact copy.

Yours, &c., D.

The Last Will and Testament of P. H., Grocer on W. Street, in the City of Louisville, Kentucky.

Item first.—I give and baquathe to my dog *Pen*, for and during his natural life, five hundred dollars to be laid out in neck bafe. (beef.)

Item second.—I give and baquathe to my dog *Bowse*, five hundred dollars, for and during his natural life, to be laid out in neck bafe.

Item third.—I give and baquathe five hundred dollars to my child round here on Green Street that nobody knows the father of, and —— my sowl if they ever shall. As witness my hand and seal this the 12th Dec., 1839.

Signed, P.H.

A hearty laugh occasionally is an act of wisdom; it shakes the cobwebs out of a man's brain, and the hypochondria from his ribs.

MODERN HONOR.—The other night, in the neighborhood of St. James's, a gentleman was watching two *ecarte* players, and saw that the one was cheating the other. Feeling the discovery to be a delicate one, he crossed the room to a sporting friend, and asked what he should do! "Do!" replied the friend, who was a man of experience, "go and *back him* as high as you can."

London Argus.

THE FLY-FISHER'S TEXT BOOK.

OR, THE SCIENCE AND PRACTICE OF FLY-FISHING FOR SALMON, TROUT, &C.

"And lo! I wave my lily wand,
And *monsters shall* appear."—OBERON.

CHAP. VIII.

Utility of written or oral instructions—The art of THROWING *the fly—A pleasurable swim.*

Herb Dost know, my dear Theophilus, that with the benefit I already have derived from your verbal instructions, still ringing in my ears, I begin to doubt the correctness of the doctrine in many works, to the effect that "no books, or words, or drawings illustrative of angling, can ever teach the tyro how to make a fly, to throw one, or to play a fish. These, I think, are near the words of "The Angler in Wales."

Theoph. The *Angler* in Wales! Bah! Leave his notions on fishing to the undressing the Angler's Souvenir has given him. It is true, more is required in this, as in every art, than theoretic knowledge—"Practice makes perfect" indeed: yet sure am I that a day's practice, aided by a few hours reasoning and verbal precept, is worth three months, nay three *years*, unguided practice alone. It is easier to condemn than to understand written instruction. And the only objection that I know to well-concocted matter of this nature is that which the reader himself imposes, namely, his too great laziness to follow it with his mind's eye. But if the master *really understand how he himself performs any manœuvre*, and has but words to express on paper that which he knows, and if the pupil has industry and mind to comprehend what the other can teach, why should written knowledge be condemned? Humbug! I never yet met the brother angler from whose conversation I could not glean something, much as I profess to know, of the subject; and should be not the less assisted if I had read his thoughts in a printed book. Written lore being therefore no less efficacious than that which is communicated orally, I design to show you the error of this doctrine, by giving you instructions as to "throwing a fly and playing a fish," *cum multis aliis*, in this room by the fire, rather than the river side; and when we go out to-morrow you shall judge whether you have profited by that which, thus communicated, is only equivalent to "books, words, or drawings, illustrative of angling."

If I fail

"I'll freely give thee leave, down in my gullet,
To fix a hook, and let a large trout pull it."

Not that you will, on the outset, be able to adopt in practice all advise.—I myself have often, "in the closet," thought and thought upon fishing, till the produce has been certain theories. I have then gone "a-fishing," hooked a fish, and, forgetting in the first moment of excitement all I had resolved to try, lost him. When too late, reason returned; and on the next occasion being more calm, by carrying those theories into practice, I have killed fish which otherwise would have escaped me. In course of time, when you become cool and collected, which every *good* fisherman must be, and able to think as well as act, you will find advantage of, even, *my* hints; and the greater in the end will be the weight of your daily creel.

Herb. Such an assurance shall at least secure you my attention; but I fear me, the difficulties I have to surmount be great. When do you promise perfection?

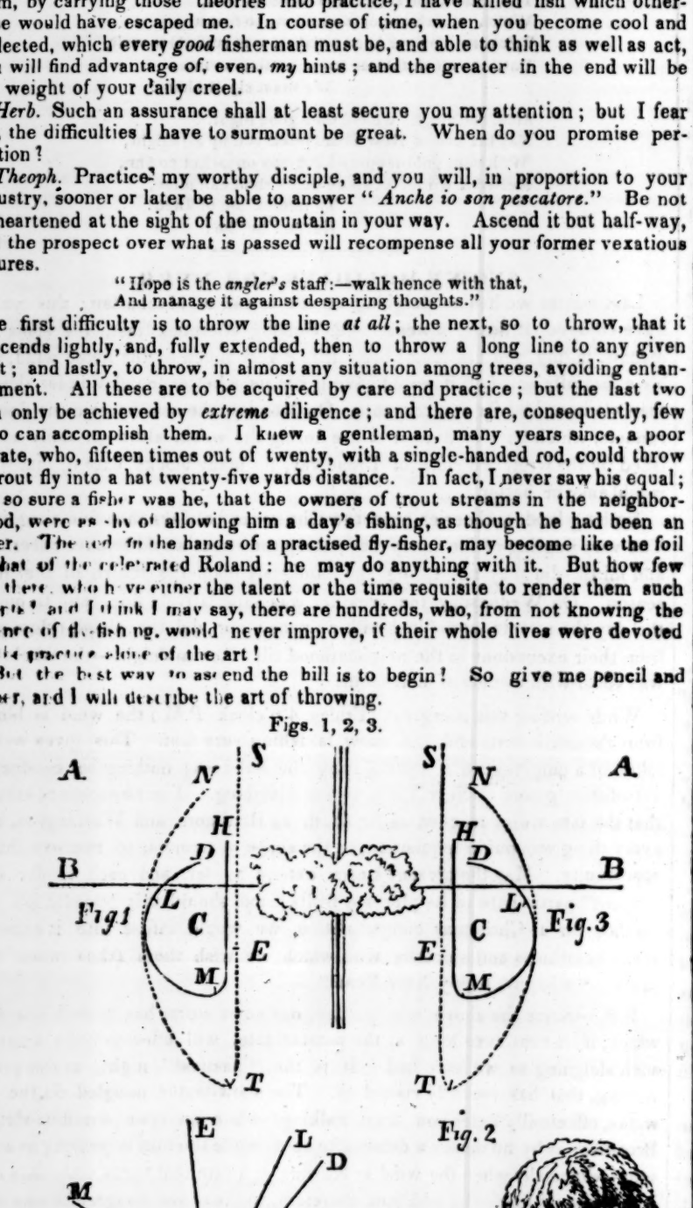
Theoph. Practice my worthy disciple, and you will, in proportion to your industry, sooner or later be able to answer "*Anche io son pescatore.*" Be not disheartened at the sight of the mountain in your way. Ascend it but half-way, and the prospect over what is passed will recompense all your former vexatious failures.

"Hope is the *angler's* staff:—walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts."

The first difficulty is to throw the line *at all*; the next, so to throw, that it descends lightly, and, fully extended, then to throw a long line to any given spot; and lastly, to throw, in almost any situation among trees, avoiding entanglement. All these are to be acquired by care and practice; but the last two can only be achieved by *extreme* diligence; and there are, consequently, few who can accomplish them. I knew a gentleman, many years since, a poor curate, who, fifteen times out of twenty, with a single-handed rod, could throw a trout fly into a hat twenty-five yards distance. In fact, I never saw his equal; for so sure a fisher was he, that the owners of trout streams in the neighborhood, were so shy of allowing him a day's fishing, as though he had been an otter. The rod in the hands of a practised fly-fisher, may become like the foil in that of the celebrated Roland: he may do anything with it. But how few are there who have either the talent or the time requisite to render them such adepts! and I think I may say, there are hundreds, who, from not knowing the science of the fishing, would never improve, if their whole lives were devoted to the practice alone of the art!

But the best way to ascend the hill is to begin! So give me pencil and paper, and I will describe the art of throwing.

Figs. 1, 2, 3.



There behold three diagrams (figs 1, 2, and 3). Conceive fig. 1 to be a bird's-eye view of the course the point of the rod takes in throwing, and fig. 2, a horizontal view, taken on the right side of the fisherman, showing the angles at which the rod is held at certain stages; fig. 3, we shall come at presently. Now, in both figures 1 and 3, C represents the angler, B the bank on which he stands, A, the opposite bank, D, the starting post of the top or point of the rod, when beginning to raise the fly from the water, and H, the finishing or winning post, where it is brought at rest when the throw is complete. Place yourself, C, immediately facing the spot you wish the fly to fall on, remembering this throughout my instructions. *Imprimis*, observe that it is one of the secrets of good throwing to have a fixed centre on which the rod shall revolve. If you are about to throw with a very light single-handed trout rod, all the motion should proceed from the bend of *your wrist* ONLY, which is to be the pivot on which the rod turns, as though the rest of your arm were perfectly fixed. Or if you are fishing with a heavier single-handed one, you may move the fore-arm, or joint from the hand to the elbow, and aid the motion by the bend of your wrist, while the elbow must be the pivot; the upper part of your arm, from the elbow to the shoulder, being fixed. If, again, you are using a double-handed rod, the lower end of the butt, below the winch, is held, facing the right shoulder, by the one (generally the left) hand, which is to be kept stationary, and act as the pivot; while all the motion of the rod is communicated by the other, placed immediately above the winch, so as to give a firm command and yet not take off aught from the elasticity of the rod. Now, the motion of the top or point of your rod, is this: Having your right arm half extended, and your hand elevated to about the level of your shoulder, hold the rod before your right-side, upright, as you behold it, but having the point D, depressed over the bank B, at about the angle W C D, fig. 2. Then by a gentle sweep before you, from your right over to your left side, and thence through the points L and M, fig. 1 (M being at the angle W C M, fig. 2), behind you, giving to it a slight spring—(perhaps "a whisk," or "jerk," would express it better), from the wrist, backwards, when it arrives at L, fig. 1, and decreasing the force of the sweep as it reaches M, and increasing it again till it arrives about E (the angle W C E, fig. 2), then by a similar spring at L, arising likewise wholly from the wrist, throw the point of the rod straight before you, towards the spot where you wish your fly to fall, but decreasing the force after the spring is made, till it reaches and becomes at rest at H, fig. 1, or makes the angle W C H, fig. 2, or even becomes parallel to the water, in case a greater elevation seems likely to check your fly. This, then, is the circuit the point of your rod takes. You will understand me to intend you, while using a double-handed rod, to give the springs with the whole fore-arm of the upper hand.

Now if you attach a line to the rod, and, placing it straight out before you (which you must, however, understand is not exactly the scientific way of proceeding when you have once learnt the art), apply the motion I have described, making the sweep only as far as M (fig. 1), the line would fly over your left shoulder in a semi-elliptical course, and the end of it, by reason of the spring given to the rod at L (fig. 1), would fall on a spot behind you, corresponding with the one opposite from whence it started, as in the dotted line N L T (fig. 1). But if, instead of stopping at M (fig. 1), a continuous motion is kept up, and the spring from the wrist given to the rod at E, the end of the line will first follow, and then by reason of the decrease of force, after passing E, and because the end of the line attached to the point of the rod is held back, and the impetus given to the whole is still retained in the loose or fly end, *that* will double over the other part of the line, and fall beyond H (fig. 1) in the straight line T E S making in its entire course the circuit N L T E S.

Herb. But tell me in what position the fly is to be when you commence the motion of your rod; for I should feel little inclination to walk into the water to stretch it out in preparation for the throw. It is like the direction for catching birds by putting salt on their tails.

Theoph. I implied that much when I began the subject, so no quizzing. When you have made one fair throw on the water you have no further difficulty, and when you approach to moderate skill, can pick up your fly from any spot by the motion of your rod, as well as with your fingers, preparatory to delivering it again on the water. But to begin with the beginning, as they say, hold your fly at the bend lightly between the forefinger and thumb of your left hand, then make a sweep, with the point of your rod backwards, then towards the water, then letting go the hook proceed to make your cast, as I have already directed; and, in making your future casts, always prepare to do so before the rod comes near the perpendicular, or you will not be able to get the line off the water. I should also tell you that it is advisable, as some situations may require it, and especially to relieve your arms by a change, while using a double-handed rod, to reverse this mode of throwing, commencing with the rod facing your left shoulder, bring it round in front towards your right shoulder, and then over it and behind you from right to left, and over your left again as in this (fig. 3 *ante*). In this mode a double-handed rod must be held left hand uppermost. Look at the diagrams (figs. 1 and 3), and in a word, the utility of this change becomes obvious. Suppose you stand close by a tree on your right hand—then, as the course of the line forward (T E S) is almost straight, by making the curvilinear cast backwards (N L T) over the left shoulder (as in fig. 1), you incur no risk (*if you have confidence*, which is an important quality in this game) of hanging fast in the tree when the fly passes forward over your right side. So if the tree be on your left you must adopt the change of throwing shown in fig. 3. Attention to this rule will enable you to throw between two bushes where there would not be sufficient space to do so, if you stood midway between them.

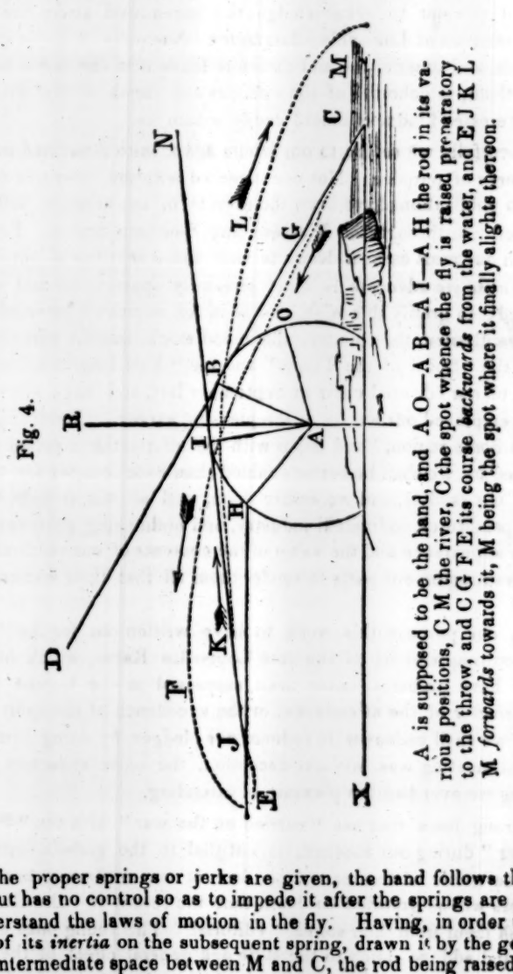
Whatever you do (and as you are a bit of a coachman, the caution may be more necessary), in the words of Capt. Williamson who has written with greater perspicuity upon this subject, as far as he goes, than any author I have met with, "Avoid, above all things, imitating the motion of a whip; for though the art is called 'whipping,' it differs widely from it, in regard to the manner in which it is done. He who throws his line back as a coachman does his whip, will, like him, make it crack when it reaches its full extent behind his back, losing many a good fly, and coming forward again with such violence, as, instead of alluring, scares the fishes."

Herb. Now, let me see if by the explanation I give of the principles of this manœuvre, I rightly comprehend you. The fly, by which I denote the loose end of the line, by the circular motion of the rod is operated on by two powers over and above that of gravitation, viz. centripetal and centrifugal——

Theoph. Stay, stay, such "forces" will be too great for me; if you stop not, your "centrifugal" will carry us wide away from the subject and cause me to fly off at a tangent. Remember we are here as fishermen and not *qua* F.R.S.; so study the *centripetal* and let us keep to the point. No! it seems to me that the simplest laws of projectiles only, are called into operation; these, at least, are all *we* need consider; the motion being communicated by the force of momentary attraction towards the centre of power, rather than such propulsion as moves a ball from the cannon's mouth.

To elucidate the art of throwing the fly, here is a diagram of the course it takes through the air when properly thrown.

Fig. 4.



A is supposed to be the hand, and A O—A B—A I—A H the rod in its various positions, C M the river, C the spot whence the fly is raised preparatory to the throw, and C G F E its course *backwards* from the water, and E J K L M *forwards* towards it, M being the spot where it finally alights thereon.

When the proper springs or jerks are given, the hand follows the course of the line, but has no control so as to impede it after the springs are given. Now let us understand the laws of motion in the fly. Having, in order to neutralize the effect of its *inertia* on the subsequent spring, drawn it by the gentle motion from the intermediate space between M and C, the rod being raised towards B, when the fly is at C and the rod point at B (B C being the length of line to be thrown) we communicate the spring; leaving the fly and line *afterwards* to pursue their own course, and bringing the rod gently through the are B I H to H. The fly is thus converted into a simple projectile, and if it were not for gravitation, would traverse in a straight line from C to D; because, the moment the spring is given at B, the rod is, or rather ought to be, at right angles with the line C B D. But, in obedience with the laws of every projectile, being unrestrained by the rod or line, it describes the parabola C G F E (E H being the extended line). The force of the backward throw being expended it falls below E of its own gravity: the motion of the rod being renewed, forwards at H, and, since the rod is raised in passing towards I, the fly also must again rise in following its course, and, when the spring forwards is communicated at I, should be found at J, in the parallel E J H, and the rod, I A, at right angles with J I N (I J being the length of the line). Here again, but for gravitation, the fly would proceed towards N; instead of which, it describes the parabola J K L M, falling on the water at M.

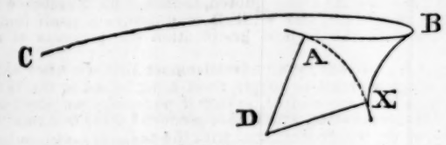
Secondly, after the spring B is given, the force of which is great enough to send the fly to E, suppose, instead of moving the rod backwards to H, it were retained at B; as the line, from its insufficient length, would stop it at F, while much force is still operating in the fly, it would rebound, and so slacken the line and prevent it falling fully extended. Then in attempting to cast it forward, it is equally evident that as the spring could not be re-applied until the rod were lower down in the arc B O, so that the right angle to the rod would fall within A C, the fly also would fall there; that is to say, the reel line would come down first, and its end and the fly would gather "all of a heap" upon it. In like manner, if the rod were not gradually brought forward after the spring at I, the fly would rebound over the water and could not fall lightly—but of this I shall say a word by and bye.

Thirdly, it would be next to impossible to control the fly, after the spring is given, *towards the same direction:* the only consequence of such a power, could it could it exist, would be the rebounding of the fly. But it is as common a fault as I know of, after giving the spring to the fly towards the water, to counteract the spring by the subsequent *swing* of the rod. A beginner in fly-fishing, if he is fortunate enough to hit upon the proper spring, in ninety-nine times out of a hundred, mars it by the force with which he subsequently throws his rod forward, almost frightening to death fish under it by the "*swish*" of his top into the water! and there are many who have fished for years, much addicted to this fault; and as I shall show you presently, never throw a line properly extended. You will hear their rods cutting the air with a sharp noise, "*with a swish*," and may at once mark them as at least faulty fishermen—men who *thrash* the water, fatiguing themselves most unnecessarily. I have often hinted that it does *not* require any violent exertion to cast a line far and well; and it is the gentle knack by which it is performed—the science superseding the necessity for force—which I am now endeavoring to instil into your mind. Even in salmon-fishing with an eighteen or twenty foot rod, much less force is requisite than is generally supposed. I remember being particularly struck with this observation in practice, many years ago, I think the second season of my attempt against salmon. A few days before I was obliged to give up the delightful occupation, and having previously caught comparatively small fish, one day, while in the act of throwing, I had the misfortune to strain the muscles or ligaments between my shoulders, to so violent a degree, that I could scarce *move* my arms for several hours, and Prudence would have said, "Pack up, be off and lay yourself and rods up for the winter." But next day, although I still continued in excessive pain, the river and weather were both in such beautiful order, that sending "the wise dame" to "Jericho," I sallied out rod in hand as usual. I found that to throw, as I had heretofore done, with the same degree of force, was physically impossible: but you may guess my astonishment on finding that with the mitigated muscular effort necessity obliged me to adopt, I could not only throw a lighter line, but also further by two or three yards. A new light burst upon me. The following day, I killed a salmon of eighteen pounds by excessive light throwing, and the next, one of sixteen pounds, by throwing to a spot I had never before been able to reach. This experience, so dearly bought, you may rest assured, I scratched very deep on the tablet of my memory, and I never afterwards lost sight of it.

Herb. But explain to me the actual effect of this extra force or "swish" upon the fly.

Theoph. After the spring is given, for a time the impulse in the fly is unalterable. The line is operated on in the same manner; but being retained, at one end, by the top of the rod, as each succeeding portion passes it, it is bent or doubled upon itself, thus, C B A (see fig. 5):

Fig. 5.



and if the rod were retained in the position D A, and not *gradually* lowered, so as to "ease it off," the impetus left in the part of the line from A to B would be stopped, and that of the fly at C accelerated, to a degree sufficient to carry it further than the length of the line would allow it to reach; the fly itself would then be checked and would rebound as I have already shown you. If on the contrary the rod were brought suddenly and violently, with the "swish" I allude to, from B to X, the line X B C would receive a contrary impetus, which would finally operate on the fly end, and would bring it "all of a heap," almost under the point of the rod upon the water, and far short of the spot intended.

Fourthly. If no actual spring, nothing except a uniform pull, were given, no superior impetus can be imparted to the fly. The rod would then simply *draw* the line, and the line, the fly after it, as great a distance as the length of rod would admit of, only.

Fifthly. I need hardly tell you, that at the moment the spring is fe t in the fly, the impetus is greater than during any period of its passage, diminishing as it gets towards its destination, and of course retaining some portion of it till it reaches the full stretch of the line, and becomes at rest. If then while thus occupied in one course, as towards our back, we, with a sudden spring, give it a different course, as forwards, there is a strain on the line, not only increased by having to pull the fly as an inert weight, but equal to the force of the spring forwards, *plus* the dead weight, *plus* the contrary impetus still in the fly passing backwards; thereby incurring a great risk of breaking the gut at E F.

Sixthly and lastly. Attend, and we shall see why it is likely to break close to its junction with the fly. At starting, the line being stretched, the point of its junction would take the lead, and so continue till it had finished its course. The fly would pass through the air, head foremost, from its very form and nature; so that when it had passed the centre of power, the line would be doubled or bent back, and the bend would, of course, be close to the fly at the moment the premature spring was felt in it. Then, as the gut is something thicker than that which geometricians call "a line:" as it must have two surfaces, both of which are necessary to its strength, the assistance of the fibres on the concave side would, by the bend, be rendered nugatory, and the whole force of the jerk would be thrown on the convex side, which would also undergo a greater than its natural tension, from the mere fact of its being bent. Thus are the probabilities of a fracture reduced almost to a certainty. The fly is whipped off!! But I fear I tire you with so much detail.

Herb. By no means: I am devoting my utmost thoughts in hopes of following your explanation. I am all attention.

Theoph. The nature of the springs and position where they are to be given still remain for your consideration. Of the first, observe that you must endeavour to impart the requisite force to the *top* of the rod; and that only as though in fact the top were held back, and the rod bent, and then suddenly released. With a single-handed rod it is performed by a twist, as it were, of the wrist, *raising suddenly the uppermost part of the fist* grasping the rod, when the spring backwards is given; and, with a similar impulse, depressing it in the throw forwards. With a double rod the lower hand being the pivot on which it acts, the upper hand moving with the fore-arm on the elbow, as the pivot is thrown backwards *about a foot only*, the rest of the arm remaining still. You should also aid and increase, if necessary, the spring, by moving the fist inwards or outwards as the throws backwards or forwards are given: i. e. letting your clenched fingers approach or recede nearer to or further from your ear than the wrist joint does. Both in single and double rod throwing that which entitles the motion to the name of a spring or a jerk, is a sudden momentary restraint; when in the one the fist is raised or depressed, or in the other when the upper hand is thrown backwards or forwards, for a second after, all motion is checked; and as the whole rod acquires a motion, and the check is felt later in its top than in its centre, the former darts forward from its original impetus; just as a man's head would were he in the act of running and his legs were caught unawares by a noose thrown round them. Do not forget that the check is but momentary; for the instant after, the rod must gently continue its course in the same direction, else the top of the rod will also rebound, and for that and the other reasons I have already mentioned the line and the fly will be improperly checked.

As to the positions of the rod, when the springs as given, they will vary according to the length of line engaged. Look again at the diagram I gave you of the fly's course (Fig. 4), R A is the perpendicular to the level X C M, on which the thrower stands. I have told you that the springs should be made when the rod is at right angles with the fishing line, as in A B C in the cast backwards, and J I A in that forwards, and that is because the spring, given in that position, has greater influence over the line. If the backward spring were given with the rod, as A O, and the line were stretched from O to M, independent of the attraction of the water on the M end, the direction of the spring would be at right angles with A O, namely towards R, and if the fly ever got there (which it never could because the line O M is so diametrically opposite to O R), the next difficulty would be how to get the line stretched so as to give the fly a sudden impulse necessary for the throw forwards—a difficulty not to be surmounted. The same laws would operate more or less if the spring were made in any part of the arc O B, except at B itself, and becoming less and less objectionable as the spot of the spring approached to B.

Again, if the spring backwards were made any where between B and H, the nearer it approached H the greater would be the impossibility of even raising the fly from the water, and the possibility of throwing the line back to the water would only be superinduced as the point of spring approached nearer to B. The reason why the forward spring is made nearer the perpendicular than the backward one, is that the fly is then allowed to approach less near to the ground in passing from E to J, and there is consequently less danger of its catching. It is also thrown forward nearer to a parallel with the earth, and thence its descent on the water will be so much the lighter than if it were thrown more upwards towards N, and thence fell to M, or if thrown more in a straight line with M, and so struck the water instead of gradually alighting upon it: while, by making the backward spring further from the perpendicular, the fly is raised higher in the air, and traces a parabola, at the termination of which the fly is caught by the forward spring before it approaches within a "catching" distance of the ground behind. So much for the science of *plain* throwing, in which I have included throws far and near, light and heavy, and lines stretched and slack.

Herb. I never imagined *so much* could be said about it, I assure you.

Theoph. "Sair, ye do me proud," as Mungo says.

Herb. Be that as it may, I know enough already to assure me, that, without your "throwing made easy," I might have floundered in the mire of ignorance and disappointment for years to come.

Theoph. After all, then, you perceive this art, when once understood, and after a little practice, is not so very difficult to achieve; you may now laugh at the spectral giants in your path, as a friend of mine did once. One day he went out to bathe in the sea, and being more provident than "Mr. Bubb, of the von hoss chay" celebrity, engaged me to take charge of his garments; we were both ignorant of the coast, or set of the tide; however, being a good swimmer, in he went, though the tide was ebbing fast. I lay reading on the

beach, ever and anon casting a furtive glance at the exhibitor. He ventured a long way out, methought, but, as he appeared vigorous, I imagined nothing wrong and went on reading, and when my volume was finished I was surprised to see what a dance I should have to reach where I then found he must come ashore; for the tide evidently unwittingly carried him far away. He was, when I got opposite to him, "stemming"—almost "steaming" it,—most lustily; and appeared distressed. A fisherman passed me and I enquired as to danger, &c. He assured me there was none; for though near half a mile off, it was not out of his depth,—so gradual was the slope of the sand. Presently, notwithstanding this assurance, my blood curdled in every vein, as I heard my friend's scream and saw his uplifted hands. But judge my delight—I saw him next moment standing immersed only to his arm-pits,—and all he soon joined me. "What in the name of wonderment," asked I, "were you laughing at?" You may well enquire," said he, "Little did I know how near my legs were to the bottom at that instant! The tide carried me out before I was aware of it, and I had much to buffet with when I turned—my strength, my heart, failed, when I saw the work and distance before me, and I was, for the last twenty minutes, swimming for my life at the top of my power. At last, perfectly exhausted, I really resigned myself to death, for I could swim no further; I made up my mind to die; I 'screamt' my scream and down I went. Not less to my delight than surprise, I then, for the first time, became aware that for the last quarter of an hour I must have been swimming in shoal water, within my depth, and without the least danger. And I could not, after the first burst of thanks to providence had passed, refrain from the outbreak of laughter you noticed, to think how much time, labor, anxiety, and despair I had expended in ignorance of my safety." Many a time have we talked over this adventure, and as oft resolved not to *imagine* difficulties; with the immortal Bard, exclaiming,

"Oh hateful error, me'ancholy's child
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not?"

English Sporting Miscellany.

By the last packet ship, the *South America*, we received the remaining portion of the list of English winning horses, and from it complete the list which we had commenced, of the get of imported horses.

	No. of winners.	No. of Prizes.
Merman	4	6
Priam	14	33½
Skylark	3	4
Tranby	1	1
Zinganee	5	8
Cetus or Rowton	1	1

The reader will of course bear in mind that these horses have been imported at different periods. The most successful of the English stallions would appear to be

Actæon who got	13 winners, who won	32½ times.
Brutandorf	6	18½ "
Ca n	8	13½ "
Camel	9	21½ "
Defence	13	34 "
Emancipation	7	21 "
Emilius	13	36 "
Jerry	7	11 "
Langar	15	43 "
Liverpool	6	20 "
Mulatto	6	14 "
Physician	16	24 "
Priam*	14	33½ "
Reveller	14	33 "
Sir Hercules	7	14 "
St. Nicholas	9	16 "
St. Patrick	6	14 "
Sultan	11	30½ "
Taurus	6	13 "
Voltaire	15	35 "
Waverley	7	13 "

* Of the winners by Priam, none were older than 4 years, while ten of them were 3 years old.

It is impossible to say definitely how soon we shall be able to publish the entire list.

[From Bell's Life in London.]

Death of Arthur Pavis.—We regret to record the death of Arthur Pavis, the celebrated jockey, who died at Newmarket on Friday night last, after a short and sudden illness of two day's duration, at the age of 31. His early career was attended with unusual success, perhaps from the circumstance of his possessing the powers of a man and being at the same time the weight of a boy; for he could at all times ride seven stone, and never required to waste. In 1833, during the October Meeting, besides winning the Grand Duke Michael, the Clearwell, the Prendergast, and Criterion Stakes, for Colonel Peel, he rode the winners of twelve other races, and chiefly for the same employer. He has left a widow and three young children, but his friends have the satisfaction of knowing that amidst all temptations his integrity has never been questioned.

The Bloomsbury Affair.—As we anticipated, there has been no motion for a new trial in these cases, and the verdicts obtained by Mr. Ridsdale, at Liverpool, are therefore confirmed. No pretence now exists for withholding bets, and we trust all "out-standing accounts" will be "squared" without delay.

Grey Milton.—We have received several letters referring to the declaration respecting this horse at Tattersall's, and commenting upon the *considerate* conduct of the noble owner *now*, when compared with *by-gone* events, when similar declarations would have been acceptable. Some of these letters are written in a spirit far from complimentary. All we can say is, that if the non-observance of a similar course heretofore was exceptionable, its adoption now ought rather to be applauded than condemned.

Trotting Matches at Liverpool.—These matches proceed according to the original agreements, which were thus announced in our paper:—"An agreement has been made between Mr. William Hollinsworth and Mr. William Smith, to trot two matches over the training ground of the Liverpool race course. First, Mr. William Hollinsworth agrees to trot the mare, known as the Lady, or the Birmingham Mare, against Mr. William Smith's br. g. Alexander; the best of heats, three miles each; for the sum of 200*l.* a-side—50*l.* to be put down into the hands of Mr. Peter Eastwood, and the whole to be made good the day before the trot comes off, or the deposit to be forfeited to the party willing to stake all. Second, it is further agreed between the same parties, to trot the Birmingham Mare against Mr. William Smith's b. g. Bob Logic, for ten miles, over the said ground; for a stake of 500*l.* a side—100*l.* to be put down into the same hands, and subject to the like forfeiture: the weights in the two matches not to exceed 13st., and each to carry the same even weight. It is moreover agreed that each party shall have a referee, and they, too, shall choose an umpire, whose decision shall be final and binding on both. It is also further agreed that Mr. William Smith is to give Mr. William Hollinsworth 100*l.* ere he stake the final amount, for his expenses and trouble on each of the matches, in coming to Liverpool. The matches to come off, the first on Wednesday, the 27th of November; the second, on Friday, the 29th of November. The Birmingham Mare has, we are informed, already arrived in Liverpool, and we hear that "the Glasgow Mare" is to be there also, with the intention of entering for the sweepstakes of 500*l.* each. Mr. Gray's "*Confidence*" had a trial on Thursday, on the Lea-bridge Road, with the pony which was second in the Manchester Great Match, but it was not satisfactory; and although originally intended, it is now doubtful that this celebrated trotter will go to Liverpool. It would indeed be a splendid contest if these four were to start for so important a stake—the largest on record, 2,000*l.* There is no doubt that Bob Logic is not the American "Clipper" called Rattler, as was insinuated some time back.

Melton Mowbray.—At present the prospect of the hunting season is gloomy beyond compare.—The Earl of Howth will be among our absentees this season, as also the Earl snd Countess of Wilton, Lord Desart, Lord Canolujie, Marquis of Granby, and several of the leading sporting noblemen and gentlemen. The Earl and Countess of Rosslyn are at Egerton Lodge, the hunting-box of the Earl of Wilton. The Marquis of Waterford and Sir J Johnstone are expected to pass the season here. A great number of horses have arrived.

Portrait of Eclipse.—Mr. Moore, of West-street, St. Martin's-lane, has just brought forth a very accurate portrait of the celebrated race-horse Eclipse, painted by Herring from an original painting by Stubbs, and very admirably engraved by C. Hunt.

The sale of the late Mr. Cregoe Colemore's horses took place on Friday last, at Ballenger's stables, Cheltenham. There was a very large attendance of gentry and sporting characters, amongst whom there was considerable competition for the favorites. Mr. Colemore's own favorite grey, Grimaldi, was knocked down to Mr. Fleischmann for 150 guineas. Harlequin was bought by Mr. Evans for 46 gs., Luke by Mr. King for 40 gs., Zeno by Mr. Griffith for 76 gs., and Minos by Mr. Smart for 150 gs.

Colonel Peel's St. Swithin is sold to go abroad.

It is reported that Lord Gardiner will be the new Master of the Queen's Buck-hounds.

The Marquis of Westminster has sold his celebrated horse, Cardinal Puff, by Pantaloon, out of Puff, 5 yrs, to the Marquis of Waterford, for 1,200 gs.

The Marquis of Waterford, in addition to his already princely fortune, obtains 5000*l.* per annum by the demise of his uncle, the late Lord George Beresford.

The *Quotidienne* states that Prince George of Hanover has just published a work in German, entitled, "Reflections on the Effects and Properties of Music."

Lord Gardner, who still retains his half-share of the Quorn hounds, has gone down to Melton, and recommenced the hunting season with great spirit and liberality.

The Earl of Errol has been appointed Lord Steward of her Majesty's Household, in the place of the late Duke of Argyll. This is as it should be. Independent of the personal claims of the Noble Earl, his connection with the family of his late Majesty entitled him to this kindly recollection on the part of our gracious Sovereign.

Count Bathyany has left Mivart's Hotel for Melton Mowbray, where the Count intends to pass the hunting season.

The Royal Yacht Squadron is composed of 157 members, viz., three Dukes, three Marquises, eleven Earls, two Viscounts, eight Barons, fifteen Baronets, six Honorables, eighty-nine Esquires, two Reverends, one Vice-Admiral, six Colonels, two Majors, six Captains, R.N., one Captain, army, and two Lieutenants, of whom fourteen are Members of Parliament, and 107 vessels (54 Members being without yachts), viz., one brigantine, one ketch, seventy-one cutters, twenty-six schooners, two brigs, and six yawls, making altogether, in regular tonnage, 10,000 tons, which averages 93 58-100ths tons each.

Beau Brummell.—This once celebrated person, the *arbiter elegantiarum* of the days of George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales, and the "glass in which the youth (that is, the fashionable youth of England) did (in those times) dress themselves," is now in confinement in a place set apart for those who labor under mental derangement, in Caen, in Normandy.

Latest State of the Odds.

Tattersall's, Nov. 16th.

Business in the afternoon was the reverse of brisk; nor were there many changes in the odds, the favorites, as before, being in a cluster. Wardan just has the call and no more, Muley Ishmael and the Angelica colt following close at his heels, with little or nothing to choose between them; Launcelot was backed once at 20 and afterwards at 18 to 1, the latter being the offering price at the close. Brother to Euclid was in some favor; 22 to 1 was betted once, but at the finish no one offered more than 20 to 1. A few others were backed, without leading to any alteration worthy of notice. Closing prices:—

13 to 1 —— Lord Exeter's lot (taken)
17 to 1 —— Mr. Wreford's Wardan
18 to 1 —— Lord Orford's Angelica colt (taken)
18 to 1 —— Lord Jersey's Muley Ishmael
18 to 1 —— Lord Westminster's Launcelot
20 to 1 —— Duke of Cleveland's Brother to Euclid (taken)
25 to 1 —— Mr. Robinson's St. Andrew
27 to 1 —— Lord Jersey's Glenorchy
30 to 1 —— Lord Exeter's Lucetta colt (taken)
33 to 1 —— Lord Chesterfield's Molineux
40 to 1 —— Lord Chesterfield's Gambia (taken)
40 to 1 —— Lord G. Bentinck's Grey Milton (taken)
1000 to 15 —— Lord G. Bentinck's May Boy (taken)

500 even between Angelica and Launcelot, and 2,500 between Grey Milton and Fitzroy (taken).

OAKS.

4 to 1 agst Lord G. Bentinck's Crucifix } (taken in one bet)
12 to 1 —— Duke of Grafton's Currency }
15 to 1 —— Mr. Greatrex's Pocahontas (taken)

BETTING AT SHEFFIELD.

Waterloo Turf Tavern (P. Ashley's.)

There was a very strong muster here on Monday night, on the occasion of the draw for the Doncaster St. Leger lottery, for which there were 110 horses drawn for a sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, the winner to have £500, and the second £45; the interest of the money (£11 15s.), which is deposited in the bank, to go to the drawer of the third horse, if any placed—if not, to the second. Amongst the company present were several gentlemen from York, Doncaster, Rotherham, Goole, &c., with whom, as well as with the resident speculators, business was the order of the day. Mr. Thomas Palmer, a well known whip, drew Crucifix, and was immediately bid a liberal sum for her, which he declined, being determined "not to put on the drag," but to go the entire animal. Before the evening closed, Mr. Ashley commenced another 5 sov. "Sweep" for the Leger, and obtained upwards of 80 subs. to it. The following is a list of the principal bets by the party before they broke up:—

DERBY.

2000 to 80 agst Grey Milton (taken) | 200 to 3 agst Christinetta and Black Bess (taken)
300 to 10 —— Lady Sarah colt (taken) |
500 to 10 } —— May Boy (taken) |
400 to 8 } |

1000 to 50 was taken about each of the four, viz., Launcelot, Angelica colt, Wardan, and Grey Milton.

Offers to take 18 to 1 each about Wardan and Angelica.

ST. LEGER.

500 to 25 agst Gibraltar (taken) | 500 to 25 agst Crucifix winning Oaks and St. Leger (taken)
200 to 6 —— Grey Milton |
3 to 1 —— Crucifix (take 4 to 1) |

1000 to 20 agst Lord G. Bentinck winning Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger (taken)
200 to 14 agst Crucifix winning 2000 gs, 1000 gs, and Oaks (taken)

[From the Correspondent of the Morning Post.

Dublin, Nov. 18.

All the "legs" and "casters" in this metropolis were in occupation of the Nisi Prius Court at an early hour this morning, in expectation of the great gambling trial being heard. At eleven o'clock Mr. Justice Crampton took his seat on the bench, and the case of James Hullock Davis *v.* Murdock M'Laine, (7th Fusiliers,) was called on. You will recollect the case of this officer being swindled by a J.P., and two notorious blacklegs at Kilkenny some time since. This action was brought to recover £300, the amount of one of the securities passed at that time. The consideration was proved to have been paid by Davis to Coyle in notes of the Bank of England; but, for the defence, a Jew, named Moses Jacobs, proved that Davis was the proprietor of gambling houses in St. James's-street, Piccadilly, the Quadrant, and other places, and that they had been indicted as common gamblers; he saw them keep a gambling booth at Moulsey and Hampton races. That Davis kept those gambling houses was also proved by one of the London police. The poor Jew got a most unmerciful cross-hackling from Brewster, but his evidence was not affected. After a long and able charge from the Learned Judge, the Jury found for the defendant, who will forthwith be discharged from the sheriffs' prison, where he has been some months lying, having been arrested for the amount of the bill.

M'Donell, the J.P., was not raised to the magistracy as stated by some of the papers; the date of his commission is April, 1834, under the viceroyalty of Lord Wellesly.

ALLEGED GAMBLING TRANSACTION.

Exchequer Chamber—Sloman v. Kelly.—In this case a bill had been filed calling upon defendant to hand over to the plaintiff several checks and I O U's, which defendant held of his, and praying the court to declare the action at law instituted by the defendant against the plaintiff void; and further, to restrain the defendant from bringing an action in respect of the checks and I O U's in question. From the statements made in support of the bill it appeared that in October, 1838, the plaintiff paid a visit to Herne Bay, where he met the defendant Kelly, who had formerly lived in Clifford-street, Bond-street, and where he kept a place called "the Lounge," in which there were rooms appropriated to the game of billiards, and where also cards and games of hazard were constantly played; and that on the 5th of October the plaintiff was invited by the defendant to a dinner at the Pier Hotel, Herne Bay, where the former drank a great deal of wine, by which he was much affected; that the defendant avoided taking much wine, and was consequently not inebriated; that the defendant induced the plaintiff then to play at cards and dice, whereby he lost a large sum of ready money to the defendant; that the latter offered to lend plaintiff several sums of money, provided he would give his checks and I O U's for the same; that plaintiff, in the hope of getting back some of the money which he had lost, was induced to accede to this proposition, and he accordingly gave the defendant checks on his banker, Messrs Vier and Co., and also I O U's to the amount of several hundred pounds, which still remained in the defendant's hands; that in Easter Term, 1839, the defendant brought an action against the plaintiff for 600*l.* and upwards, in respect of checks and I O U's held by him for that sum. To this the plaintiff (Sloman) pleaded that the only consideration given by the defendant for these checks, &c., was money which plaintiff subsequently lost to defendant, at the game of "Hazard," played with dice, and the plaintiff then filed a bill in this court to restrain the defendant from proceeding further in the suit. To this bill the defendant put in an answer, in which he set out that having Captain Polhill and Messrs. Holt, Christy, and Ferris, who were friends of his, to dine with him, at the Pier Hotel, Herne Bay, in October 1838, he invited the plaintiff to join the party; that wine was freely taken by all the party, but that the plaintiff had not taken too much, nor was he affected by what he had taken, and he was consequently, not incapable of knowing what he was doing. The defendant denied that he abstained from drinking wine on that occasion, and that he was, in fact, very much affected by what he had taken, and that the plaintiff had given him the checks and I O U's in question for money which he (the defendant) advanced to him. To this answer exceptions were taken by the plaintiff, and the case came before the court to-day for argument upon those exceptions. Mr. Simkinson, in support of the bill of exceptions, after stating the above facts, observed that the answer of the defendant to the original bill was, in fact, no answer whatever, for no reply was made to the charge of gambling propounded in the bill. On this subject the defendant was completely silent, the only answer being that money was lent by defendant on account of the checks and I O U's. Under these circumstances he (Mr. Simkinson) prayed the court to allow the exceptions. Lord Abinger held that the exceptions must be allowed, on the ground that, as the defendant had answered the bill in part, he was bound to give a full and complete answer. The exceptions were then allowed.

LETTERS OF CONDOLENCE TO LADY BROUGHAM.

☞Lord Brougham presents his compliments to the Editor of the AGE, and, deeming it a matter of laudable desideration in ephemeral literature, as also an illustration of character, mental, moral, and political, as the world is at present constituted, he sends the accompanying packet of letters, which perhaps may have the honor of a niche in the Age:—

FROM LOUIS PHILIPPE.

Madame—I am acable wis grief, and le petit d'Aumale is diabetique in von eye since we heard the *conte* of D'Orsay. Je me suis enfoncé into a biftak d mouton, to cure my chagrin, and Dupin a jété dans three bouteilles of *Chamber tin* (vat he call chamber practice) to cure his désespoir. Sacré Fieschi quel sort! He got under the wheel—Ah, ha!—under the *roue—roue* pour la premiére fois et la derniere. Pauvre homme! And de horse kicked out his cerveau! Ma foi! de horse might kick jusqu'aux Kalendes Grecs without doing so much for a whig!—les imbeciles! If they could, they would give le coup de pied de l'âne to the Lion mourant, les maroufles! Madame, I have echappe à la mort trois fois, and the sacre Charivari insinivates, that I am destined "*longam facere literam*;" but lest I should make a long letter to you.

J'ai l'honneur, d'etre, &c. Philippon.

Chateau d'Eu.

FROM DANIEL O'CONNELL.

Madam—Your husband is gone; and God rest his sowl in the next world—it gave ours little rest in this! Upon my conscience I had the highest respict for Lord Brougham, although I loaded him with the vilest epithets which even *my* nomenclature can supply. But, tunder and turf! didn't he haul Normanby over the coals, and wasn't that an insult to me? Didn't he slate Mich Loughlin, and wasn't *that* an insult to *me*? Didn't he powder away at Melbourne, and wasn't that an mortal insult to me? To be sure it was; but now he is gone—God rest his sowl, as I said before! I shall niver have an opportunity of slavering him with blarney in Exeter Hall, or loading him with filth in the Corn Exchange. I shall niver trimble at his alliance with Lyndhurst, or at his enthusiam for Wellington. I shall niver wince under the lash of his derision, or howl aloud at his demolition of "*Justice to Ireland.*" These thoughts, Madam, fill my heart with anguish! The Irish Coronach is raised throughout Kerry, and I have written to our national bard, Tommy Moore, to compose an Epicedium upon the melancholy occasion.

Yours, most condolently, Dan O'Connell.

Derrynane Abbey.

P. S. Morgan is dying of the Pip, and the Rint won't find me in pratees. *Ullagone!*

FROM THE BARONESS LEHZEN.

"*Ach! meine ruh ist hin*
Mein herz ist schwer."

Madame—The catastrophe deplorable vis comes to deprive der vorld of votre Baron Von Brougham und Vaux, a frappe la cour tout dans un monceua. Sa Majeste Britannique has shed as many precious tears (a paen pres) as she did over le cadavre de Jocko; and three mouchoirs and a half have been trempes de ses larmes precieuses. Ame sensible! Le Prince Albert, mon protege Royal, has allowed his moustaches and, vot the Age execrable calls *aggravaters* to be neglected, in sorrow at your loss; and the Royal cats have forgotten to vash their *favoris* in *feline* sympathy vis the *favoris* de la Cour. Prince Ernest's *Imp-Ariel* is growing a la *caliban*; mais l'apetit du Premier est beaucoup aiguise, (le scelerat!) sur la mort de son intime ami. Mais mein Gott; vous etes encore jeune. Suivez mon conseil et mariez vous. J'en parlerai a la Reine! A toi, Madame, du fond de mon cœur,

Chateau de Vindsor. Louise Von Lehzen.

P. S. On a publie dans les journaux que je suis l'assassine privilegiee aupres de S. M. B. N'en croyez rien. Je mettrai bientot le chat hors du sac. L. L.

FROM JACOBUS CORVINUS.

Missa Brougham Madam,—Hab him honor to dress in name ob him broder nigger letter ob condobolence on mollycholically casion. Massa Shafto's letter to Massa Horse-hay hab thrown all nigger gals and pickaninies into fits ob high-pig-on-tricks; and even de whites ob him eye is in mourning in sorrow at de ebent. Pon him honer, as nigger gen'leman is hobbligated to say, dat him tears hab already filled fourteen bottle ob Day and Martin; and in dis respec is like Massa Black Warwick in Shakspeer—him is a Black-King maker. On bobalition day him will make speech to him nigger broders to 'scribe for statty in honor of de great bobalitioner, Massa Brougham; and him will jump Jim Crow in Gin-alley to gain him faber ob British Queen.

In name ob him broders, J. Crow.

P.S. Oh! Golly, him art burst wid joy. Massa Brougham not kickeraboo'—von 'tarnal dam hoax. Him hab told all him nigger broder, met to cebelerate 'casion—Sich a getting-up stairs, and jump'd Jim Crow out ob him black satin for joy.'

JIM CROW—APPENDIX.

Massa Brougham, from his carriage,
Has lately had a roll;
For, like de Empror Nicholas,
He couldn't trust de *Pole*.
Turn about, wheel about, &c.

He bos talking ob Whig knavery
Him tongue could neber tire;
But de *tyre* and den de *nave*-awry,
Down tumbled in de mire.
Turn about, &c.

He panell'd oft a Jury,
Den broke to please his whim;
But now de *panel* ob his coach
Was nearly smashing him.
Turn about, &c.

As *spokesman* none came near him,
In earnest or in joke.
He spoke, and Whigs were floor'd by him;
He's now floor'd by a *spoke*.
Turn about, &c.

And you, great Mr. Shaft-owe!
Excuse me if I laugh'd,
In mining or in posting—you
Owe nothing to de *Shaft*.
Turn about, &c.

"A lady who resides in the rue St. Lazare," says the *Journal du Notariat*, "has made a will, bequeathing at her death, 10,000f.—viz., 3,000f. to her grocer, 3,000f. to her steward, and 4,000f. to two of her oldest servants, during the lifetime of her dog, on condition of her favorite being clothed, fed, and attended upon like a human being. "The dear Bibi," says this journal, "is dressed like a great personage, has a warm apartment, rides out in a carriage, and deigns occasionally to show himself on the balcony of his house when his physician allows him to take the air!"

The Rev. H. E. Head.—A curious circumstance relative to the Rev. Henry Erskine Head, Rector of Feniton, near Honiton, whose name has been so much before the public during the last two years, on acconnt of his opposition to the Bishop of Exeter, has just come to our knowledge. This gentleman has, in the entrance hall of the rectory, twelve wands standing in order, which he has named after the twelve apostles, and he sometimes, when he walks out, takes with him one, and sometimes another, saying that he shall take a walk to-day with St. Thomas, or St. Peter, or some other apostle, according to the stick he may chance to fancy for a companion.

Price of Babies in the Metropolis.—Conversations between two of these vile impostors who sit in the streets with infants in their arms have been everheard as to the rate at which the young creatures had been rented, and surprise has been expressed by an old practitioner at a large sum given by one not so well versed in the market. "How much did you give for yours!—"A shilling a piece." "A shilling a piece!—Vy, then, you've been done, or babies is riz; one or t'other—I only gives sixpence for mine, and they feeds 'em and Godfrey's-cordials 'em and all, afore I takes 'em, into the bargain."

Reports of the Mendicity Society, 1839

TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR!

The accident, for such it was, by which Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap became possessed of the important information which put them into motion, as we have seen, to find out by advertisement one yet unknown to them, it will not be necessary, for some time, for me to explain. Theirs was a keen house, truly; and they would not, one may be sure, have lightly committed themselves to their present extent, namely, in inserting such an advertisement in the newspapers, and above all, going so far in their disclosures to Titmouse. Their prudence in the latter step, however, was very questionable to themselves, even; and they immediately afterwards deplored together the precipitation with which Mr. Quirk had communicated to Titmouse the nature and extent of his possible good fortune. It was Mr. Quirk's own doing, however, and after as much expostulation as the cautious Gammon could venture to use. He, however, had his motive, as well as Mr. Gammon. I say they had not *lightly* taken up the affair; they had not "acted unadvisedly." They were fortified, first, by the opinion of Mr. Mortmain, an able and experienced conveyancer; who thus wound up an abstrusely learned opinion on the voluminous "case" which had been submitted to him:—

"* * * Under all these circumstances, I am decidedly of opinion that the well-established rule of law above adverted to, viz., &c., &c., &c., is clearly applicable to the present case; from which it follows, that the title to the estates in question is at this moment not in their present possessor, but in 1789 passed through Dame Dorothy Dreddlington into the female line, and ultimately vested in Gabriel Tittlebat Titmouse—who, however, seems not to have been at all aware of the existence of his rights, or he could hardly have been concerned in the pecuniary arrangements sanctioned at fol. 33 of the case - and his heirs. Probably something may be heard of them by making careful enquiry in the neighborhood where he was last heard of, and issuing advertisements for his heir-at-law; care of course being taken not to be so specific in the terms of such advertisements as to attract the notice of A A, (the party, I presume, now in possession.) If such person should, by the means above suggested, be discovered, I advise proceedings to be commenced forthwith, under the advice of some gentleman of experience at the common law bar.

"*Linc, Inn, January* 19, 182–." "MOULDY MORTMAIN.

This was sufficiently gratifying to the "House;" but, to make assurance doubly sure, before embarking in so harassing and expensive an enterprise, the same *case* (of course without Mr Mortmain's opinion) was laid before a younger conveyancer; who, having much less business than Mr Mortmain, would, it was thought, "look into the case fully," though receiving only one third of the fee which had been paid to Mr Mortmain. And Mr Fussy Frankpledge—that as his name—*did* "look into the case fully," and in doing so, turned over two-thirds of his little library, and by note, and verbally, gleaned the opinions upon the subject of some dozen or so of his "learned friends;" to say nothing of the magnificent air with which he indoctrinated his eager and confiding pupils upon the subject. At length his imp of a clerk bore the precious result of his master's labours to Saffron Hill, in the shape of an "opinion," three times as long as, and indescribably more difficult to understand, than the opinion of Mr Mortmain, and which, if it demonstrated any thing beyond the prodigious *cram* which had been undergone by its writer for the purpose of producing it, demonstrated this—namely, that neither the party indicated by Mr Mortmain, nor the sone then actually in possession, had any more right to the estate than the aforeaid Mr Frankpledge; but that the happy individual so entitled was some third person. Messrs Quirk and Gammon hummed and hawed a good deal on perusing these contradictory opinions of counsel learned in the law; and the proper result followed—*i. e.* a "CONSULTATION," which was to solder up all the differences between Mr Mortmain and Mr Frankpledge, or at all events strike out some light which might guide their clients on their adventurous way.

Now, Mr Mortmain had been Mr Quirk's conveyancer for about three years; and Quirk was ready to suffer death in defence of any opinion of Mr Mortmain. Mr Gammon swore by Frankpledge, who was his brother-in-law, and of course a "rising man." Mortmain belonged to the old school—Frankpledge steered by the new lights. The former could point to hundreds of cases in the Law Reports which had been ruled according to his opinion, and some fifty which had been over-ruled thereby; the latter, although he had been only five years in practice, had written an opinion which had led to a suit which had ended in a difference of opinion between the Court of King's-Bench and the Common-Pleas, the credit of having done which was really not a bit tarnished by the decision of a Court of Error, without hearing the other side *against* the opinion of Mr Frankpledge. But ——

Mr Frankpledge quoted so many cases, and went to the bottom of every thing—and was so civil.

Well, the consultation came off, at length, at Mr Mortmain's chambers, at eight o'clock in the evening. A few minutes before that hour, Messrs Quirk and Gammon were to be seen in the clerk's room, in civil conversation with that prim functionary, who explained to them that *he* did all Mr. Mortmain's drafting; pupils were so idle that Mr Mortmain did not score out much of what he (the aforesaid clerk) had drawn; that he noted up Mr. Mortmain's new cases for him in the reports, Mr M. having so little time; and that the other day the Vice Chancellor called on Mr Mortmain, with several other matters of that sort calculated to enhance the importance of Mr Mortmain, who, as the clerk was asking Mr Gammon, in a good-natured way, how long Mr Frankpledge had been in practice, and where his chambers were, made his appearance, with a cheerful look and a bustling gait, having just walked down from his house in Queen's Square, (somewhere in the wilds of Bedford Square, as Mrs Gore delights to call them, in her West-End pleasantry,) with a comfortable bottle of old port on board. Shortly afterwards, Mr Frankpledge arrived, followed by his little clerk, bending beneath two bags of books, (unconscious bearer of as much law as had well nigh split thousands of learned heads, broken tens of thousands of hearts, in the making of, being destined to have a similar but far greater effect in the applying of,) and the consultation began.

As Frankpledge entered, he could not help casting a sheep's eye towards a table that glistened with *such* an array of "papers," (a tasteful arrangement of Mr Mortmain's clerk before every consultation;) and down sat the two conveyancers and the two attorneys. I devoutly wish I had time to describe the scene at length; but greater events are pressing upon me. The two conveyancers fenced with one another for some time very guardedly and good-humouredly; pleasant was it to observe the conscious condescension of Mortmain, the anxious energy and volubility of Frankpledge. When Mr Mortmain said any thing that seemed weighty or pointed, Quirk looked with an elated air, a quick triumphant glance, at Gammon; who, in his turn, whenever Mr Frankpledge quoted an "old case" from Bendloe, Godsbolt, or the Year Books, (which, having always piqued himself in his almost exclusive acquaintance with the modern cases, he made a point of doing,) gazed at Quirk with a smile of placid superiority. Mr Frankpledge talked almost the whole time; Mr Mortmain, immovable in the view of the case which he had taken in his "opinion," listened with an attentive, good-natured air, ruminating pleasantly the while upon the quality of the port he had been drinking, (the first of the Bin which he had tasted,) and the decision which the Chancellor might come to on a case brought into court, on his advice, and which had been argued that afternoon. At last Frankpledge unwittingly fell foul of a favourite crotchet of Mortmain's—and at it they went, hammer and tongs, for nearly twenty minutes, (it had nothing whatever to do with the case they were commenting upon.) In the end, Mortmain of couse adhered to his points, and Frankpledge entrenched himself in his books; each slightly yielded to the views of the other on immaterial points, (or what could have appeared the use of the consultation?) but did that which both had resolved upon doing from the first, *i. e.* sticking to his original opinion. Both had talked an amazing deal of deep law, which had at least one effect, viz,, it fairly drowned both Quirk and Gammon, who as they went home, with not (it must be owned) the clearest perceptions in the world of what had been going on, (though, before going to the consultation, each had really known a good deal about the case,) stood each stoutly by his conveyancer's opinion, each protesting that he had never been once misled—Quirk by Mortmain, or Gammon by Frankpledge—and each resolved to give his man more of the business of the House than he had before. I grieve to add that they parted that night with a trifle less of cordiality than had been their wont. In the morning however, this little irritation and competition had passed away; and they agreed, before giving up the case, to take final opinion of Mr TRESAYLE—the great Mr Tresayle. He was, indeed, a wonderful conveyancer—a perfect miracle of real-property law-learning. He had had such an enormous practice for forty-five years, that for the last ten he had never put his nose out of chambers for pure want of time, and at last of inclination; and had been so conversant with Norman French and law Latin, in the old English letter, that he had almost entirely forgotten how to write the modern English character. His opinions made their appearance in three different kinds of hand-writing. First, one that none but he and his old clerk could make out; secondly, one that none but he himself could read; and thirdly, one that neither he, nor his clerk, nor any one on earth could decipher. The use of any one of these styles depended on—the difficulty of the case to be answered. If it were an easy one, the answer was very judiciously put into No. I.; if rather difficult, it, of course, went into No. II.; and if exceedingly difficult, (and also important,) it was very properly thrown into No. III.; being a question that really ought not to have been asked, and did not deserve an answer. The fruit within these uncouth shells, however, was precious. Mr. Tresayle's law was supreme over every body's else. It was currently reported that Lord Eldon even (who was himself slightly acquainted with such subjects) reverently deferred to the authority of Mr. Tresayle; and would lie winking and knitting his shaggy eyebrows half the night, if he thought that Mr. Tresayle's opinion on a case and his own differed. This was the great authority to whom, as in the last resort, Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap resolved to appeal. To his chambers they, within a day or two after their consultation at Mr. Mortmain's, dispatched their case, with a highly respectable fee, and a special compliment to his clerk, hoping to hear from that awful quarter within two months—which was the earliest average period within which Mr. Tresayle's opinions found their way to his patient but anxious clients. It came, at length, with a note from Mr. Faithful, his clerk, intimating that they would find him at chambers the next morning, prepared to explain the opinion to them; having just had it read over to him by Mr. Tresayle, for it proved to be in No. II. The opinion occupied about two pages; and the handwriting bore a strong resemblance to Chinese, or Arabic, with a quaint intermixture of the Uncial Greek character—it was impossible to contemplate it without a certain feeling of awe! In vain did old Quirk squint at it, from all corners, for nearly a couple of hours, (having first called in the assistance of a friend of his, an old attorney of upwards of fifty years' standing;) nay—even Mr. Gammon, foiled at length, could not for the life of him refrain from a soft curse or two. Neither of them could make any thing of it—(as for Snap, they never showed it to him; it was not within his province—*i. e.* the Insolvent Debtor's Court, the Old Bailey, the Clerkenwell Sessions, the inferior business of the Common Law Courts, and the worrying of the clerks of the office—a department in which he was perfection itself.)

To their great delight, Mr. Tresayle's opinion completely corroborated that of Mr. Mortmain, (neither whose nor Mr. Frankpledge's had been laid before him.) Nothing could be more terse, perspicuous, and conclusive than the great man's opinion. Mr. Quirk was in raptures, and immediately sent out for an engraving of Mr. Tresayle, which had lately come out, for which he paid 5s., and ordered it to be framed and hung up in his own room, where already grinned a quaint resemblance, in black profile, of Mr. Mortmain. In special good-humor he assured Mr. Gammon, (who was plainly somewhat crestfallen about Mr. Frankpledge,) that every body must have a beginning; and he (Quirk) had been once only a beginner.

Once fairly on the scent, Messrs. Quirk and Gammon soon began, secretly, but energetically, to push their enquiries in all directions. They discovered that Gabriel Tittlebat Titmouse, having spent the chief portion of his blissful days as a cobbler at Whitehaven, had died in London, somewhere about the year 1792 or 1793. At this point they stood for a long while, in spite of two advertisements, to which they had been driven with the greatest reluctance, for fear of attracting the attention of those most interested in thwarting them. Even that part of the affair had been managed somewhat skilfully. It was a stroke of Gammon's to advertise, not for "Heir-at-Law," but "*Next of Kin*," as the reader has seen. The former might have challenged a notice of unfriendly curiosity, which the latter was hardly calculated to attract. At length—at "the third time of asking"—up turned Tittlebat Titmouse, in the way which we have seen. His relationship with Mr. Gabriel Tittlebat Titmouse was indisputable; in fact, he was that "deceased person's" heir-at-law. The reader may guess the chagrin of Mr. Gammon at the appearance, manner, and character of the person whom he fully believed, on first seeing him at Messrs. Dowlas's, to be the rightful owner of the fine estates held by one who, as against Titmouse, had no more real title to them than had Mr. Tag-rag; and for whom their house was to undertake the grave responsibility of instituting such proceedings as would be requisite to place Mr. Titmouse in the position which they believed him entitled to occupy—having to encounter a hot and desperate opposition at every point, from those who had nine-tenths of the law—to wit, *possession*—on their side, on which they stood as upon a rock; and with immense means for carrying on the war defensive. That Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, did not contemplate undertaking all this, without having calculated upon its proving well worthy their while, was only reasonable. They were going voluntarily to become the means of conferring immense benefits upon one who was a total stranger to them—who had not a penny to expend upon the prosecution of his own rights. Setting aside certain difficulties which collected themselves into two awkward words, MAINTENANCE and CHAMPERTY, and stared them in the face whenever they contemplated any obvious method of securing the just reward of their enterprise and toils—setting aside all this, I say, it might turn out, only after a ruinous expenditure, that the high authorities which had sanctioned their proceedings in point of law, had expressed their favourable opinions on a state of facts, which, however plain and compact they looked on paper, could not be properly substantiated, if keenly sifted, and determinedly resisted. All this, too—all their time, labor, and money, to go for nothing—on behalf of a vulgar, selfish, ignorant, presumptuous, ungrateful puppy, like Titmouse. Well, indeed, therefore, might Mr. Gammon, as we have seen he did, give himself and partners a four hours' interval between his interview with Titmouse and formal introduction of him to the firm, to which to consider their position and mode of procedure. The taste of his quality which that first interview afforded them all—so far surpassing all that the bitter description of him given to them by Mr. Gammon had prepared them for—filled them with inexpressible disgust, and would have induced them to throw up the whole affair—so getting rid both of him and it together. But then, on the other hand, there were certain very great advantages, both of a professional and even directly pecuniary kind, which it would have been madness in deed for any office lightly to throw away. It was really, after all, an unequal struggle between feeling and interest. If they should succeed in useating the present wrongful possessor of a very splendid property, and putting in his place the rightful owner, by means alone of their own professional ability, perseverance, and heavy pecuniary outlay, (a fearful consideration, truly!) what recompense could be too great for such resplendent services? To say nothing of the *eclat* which it would gain for their office, in the profession and in the world at large, and the substantial and permanent advantages, if, as they ought to be, they were intrusted with the general management of the property by the new and inexperienced and confiding owner—ay, but there was the rub! What a disheartening and disgusting specimen of such new owner had disclosed itself to their anxiously expecting but soon recoiling eyes—always, however making due allowances for one or two cheering indications, on Mr. Titmouse's part, of a certain rapacious and litigious humor, which might pleasantly and profitably occupy their energies for some time to come! Their position and interests had long made them sharp observers; but when did ever before low and disgusting qualities force themselves into revolting prominence, as had done, in the very moment of an expected display of the better feelings of human nature—such as enthusiastic gratitude? They had in their time had to deal with some pleasant specimens of humanity, to be sure—but where any more odious and impracticable than Tittlebat Titmouse threatened to prove himself? What hold could they get upon such a character as his? Beneath all his coarseness and weakness, there was a glimmer of low cunning which might, *cæteris paribus*, keep their superior and practised acuteness in full play. These were difficulties, cheerless enough in the contemplation, truly; but, nevertheless, the partners could not bear the idea of escaping from them by throwing up the affair altogether. Then came the question—How were they to manage Titmouse?—how acquire an early and firm hold of him, so as to convert him into a *capital client*? His fears and his interests were obviously the engines with which their experienced hands were to work; and several long and most anxious consultations had Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap had on this important matter. The first great question with them was—To what extent, and when, they should acquaint him with the nature of his expectations?

Gammon was for keeping him comparatively in the dark, till success was within reach; during that interval, (which might be a long one,) by alternately stimulating his hopes and fears; by habituating him to an entire dependence in them; by persuading him of the extent of their exertions and sacrifices on his behalf—they *might* do something; mould him a little into shape fit for their purposes; and persuade him that his affairs must needs go to ruin but in their hands. Something like this was the scheme of the cautious, acute, and placid Gammon. Mr. Quirk thought thus:—tell the fellow at once the whole extent of what we can do for him, viz., turn a half-starving linen-draper's shopman into the owner of £10,000 a-year, and a great store of ready money. This will, in a manner, stun him into submission, and make him at once and for all what we want him to be. He will immediately fall prostrate with reverent gratitude—looking at us, moreover, as three gods, who at will can shut him out of heaven. *That's* the way, said Mr. Quirk; and Mr. Quirk had been forty years in practice—had made the business what it was—still held half of it in his own hands, (two-thirds of the remaining half being Gammon's, and the residue Snap's;) and Gammon, moreover, had a very distinct perception that the funds for carrying on the war would come out of the tolerably well-stored pockets of their senior partner. So, after a long discussion, he openly yielded his opinion to that of Mr. Quirk—cherishing, however, a very warm respect for it in his own bosom. As for Snap, that distinguished member of the firm was very little consulted in the matter; which had not yet been brought into that stage where his powerful energies could come into play. He had, of course, however, heard a good deal of what was going on; and knew that, erelong, there would be the copying out and serving of the lord knows how many copies of declarations in ejectment, motions against the casual ejector, and so forth—he was quite up to all those quaint and anomalous proceedings. Well, it was agreed that the communication to Titmouse, on his first interview, of the full extent of his splendid expectations, should depend upon the discretion of Mr. Quirk. The reader has seen the unexpected turn which matters took upon that important occasion; and if it proved Quirk's policy to be somewhat inferior in point of discretion and long-sightedness to that of Gammon, still it must be owned that the latter had cause to admire the rapid generalship with which the consequences of Quirk's false move had been retrieved by him—not ill seconded by Snap. What could have been more judicious than his reception of Titmouse, on the occasion of his being led in again by the subtle Gammon!

The next and greatest matter was, how to obtain any hold upon such a person as Titmouse, so as to secure to themselves, in the event of success, the remuneration to which they considered themselves entitled. Was it so perfectly clear that, if he felt disposed to resist it, they could compel him to pay the mere amount of their bill of costs?

Suppose he should turn round upon them, and have their BILL TAXED—*quiddam honorarium* extra—undoubtedly for *that* they must, they feared, trust to the honor and gratitude of Titmouse; and a pretty taste of his quality they had already experienced! Such a disposition as his to have to rely upon for the prompt settlement of a bill of thousands of pounds of costs! and, besides that, to have it to look to for the payment of at least some five thousand pounds *douceur*—nay, and this was not all. Mr. Quirk had, as well as Mr. Gammon, cast many an anxious eye on the following passages from a certain work entitled *Blackstone's Commentaries*:—

"MAINTENANCE is an officious meddling in a suit that no way belongs to one, by 'maintaining' or assisting either party with money, or otherwise, to prosecute or defend it. * * It is an offence against public justice, as it keeps alive strife and contention, and perverts the remedial process of the law into an engine of oppression. * * The punishment by common law is fine and imprisonment, and by statute 32 Hen. VIII. c. 9, a forfeiture of £10!

"CHAMPERTY—(*campi partitio*)—is a species of maintenance, and punished in the same manner; being a bargain with a plaintiff or defendant '*campum partiri*,' to divide the land, or other matter sued for, between them, if they prevail at law; whereupon the champertor is to carry on the suit at his own expense. * * These pests of civil society, that are perpetually endeavoring to disturb the repose of their neighbors, and officiously interfering in other men's quarrels, even at the hazard of their own fortunes, were severely animadverted on by the Roman law; and they were punished by the forfeiture of a third part of their goods, and perpetual infamy."

These are pleasant passages.

Many were the conversations and consultations which the partners had had with Messrs. Mortmain and Frankpledge respectively, upon the interesting question, whether there were any mode of at once securing themselves against the ingratitude of Titmouse, and protecting themselves against the penalties of the law. It made old Mr. Quirk's bald head even flush all over whenever he thought of their bill being taxed, or contemplated himself the inmate of a prison, (above all, at his advanced time of life,) with mournful leisure to meditate upon the misdeeds that had sent him thither, to which profitable exercise the legislature would have specially stimulated him by a certain *fine* above mentioned. As for Gammon, he knew there *must* be a way of doing the thing somehow or another; for his friend Frankpledge felt infinitely less difficulty in the way than Mortmain, whom he considered a timid and old-fashioned practitioner. The courts, he said, were now setting their faces strongly against the doctrine of Maintenance, as being founded on a bygone state of things, (*cessante ratione cessat et ipsa lex*, was his favorite maxim.) There was no wrong without a remedy, he said; and was there not a *wrong* in the case of a poor man wrongfully deprived of his own? And how could this be *remedied*, if the old law of Maintenance stood like a bugbear in the way of humane and spirited practitioners! Was no one to be able to take up the cause of the oppressed, encouraged by the prospect of an ample recompense? If it was said—let the claimant sue in *forma pauperis*: but then he must swear that he is not worth five pounds; and a man may not be able to take that oath, and yet be unequal to the commencement of a suit requiring the outlay of thousands. Moreover, a pretty prospect it was for such a suitor, (*in forma pauperis*,) if he should happen to be non suited—to be "put to his election, whether to be whipped or pay the costs." Thus reasoned within himself that astute person, Mr. Frankpledge; and at length satisfied himself that he had framed an instrument which would "meet the case."—that "would hold water." I am not very well versed in legal matters; but to the best of my recollection it was something in the nature of a bond, conditioned to pay the sum of ten thousand pounds to Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, within two months of Titmouse's being put into possession of the rents and profits. The condition of that bond was, as its framer believed, drawn in a masterly manner; and his draft was lying before Messrs Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, on the Wednesday morning, (*i. e.*, the day after Titmouse's interview with them,) and had succeeded at length in exciting the approbation of Mr. Quirk himself; when—whew!—down came a note from Mr. Frankpledge, to the effect that, "since preparing the draft bond," he had "had reason *slightly to modify* his original opinion," owing to his "having hit upon a LATE CASE," in which an instrument, precisely similar to the one which he had prepared for his admiring clients, had been held "totally ineffectual and void both at law and equity." I say, Mr. Frankpledge's note was to that effect; for so ingeniously had he framed it—so effectually concealed his retreat beneath a little cloud of contradictory authorities, like as the ink-fish, they say, eludeth its pursuers—that his clients cursed the law, not their draftsman: and, moreover, by prudently withholding the *name* of the "late case," he at all events, for a while, had prevented their observing that it was *senior* to some eight or ten cases which (indefatigable man!) he had culled for them out of the legal garden, and arrayed on the back of his draft. Slightly disconcerted were Messrs. Quirk and Gammon, it may be believed, at this near view of the "result of the authorities." "Mortmain is always right!" said Quirk, looking hard at Gammon; who observed simply that one day Frankpledge would be as old as Mortmain then was—by which time (thought he) I also know where *you* will be, my old friend, if there's any truth in the Scriptures! In this pleasant frame of mind were the partners, when the impudent apparition of Huckaback presented itself in the manner which has been described. Huckaback's commentary upon the disgusting text of Titmouse over-night, (as a lawyer would say, in analogy to a well-known term, "Coke upon Littleton,") produced an effect upon their minds which may be guessed at. It was while their minds were under these two soothing influences, *i. e.* of the insolence of Huckaback, and the vacillation of Frankpledge, that Mr. Gammon had penned the note to Titmouse (surely, under the circumstances, one of extraordinary temper and forbearance,) which had occasioned Titmouse the agonies which I have been attempting faintly to describe;—and that Quirk, summoning Snap into the room, had requested him to give orders for denial to Titmouse if he should again make his appearance at the office; which injunction Snap forthwith delivered in the clerk's room, in a tone and manner that were a very model of the imperative mood.

A day or two afterwards, Mr. Quirk, (who was a man that stuck like a limpet to a rock to any point which occurred to him,) in poring over that page in the fourth volume of Blackstone's Commentaries, where were to be found the passages which have been already quoted, (and which both Quirk and Gammon had long had off by heart,) as he sate one day at dinner, at home, whither he had taken the volume in question, fancied he had at last hit upon a notable crotchet, which, the more he thought of, the more he was struck with; determining to pay a visit in the morning to Mr. Mortmain. The spark of light that had twinkled till it kindled in the tinder of his mind, was struck by his hard head out of the following sentence of the text in question:—

"A man *may*, however, maintain the suit of his near kinsman, servant, or POOR NEIGHBOR, out of *charity and compassion*; with impunity; *otherwise*, the punishment is," &c. &c.

Now, it seemed to Mr. Quirk, that the words which I have placed in italics and small capitals exactly met the case of poor Tittlebat Titmouse. He struck to that view of the case till he *almost* began to think that he really had a kind of a sort of a charity and compassion for poor Tittlebat—kept out of his rights—tyrannized over by a vulgar draper in Oxford Street—where, too, no doubt, he was half starved. "It's a great blessing that one's got the means—and the inclination, to save one's poor neighbors," thought Quirk, as he slowly swallowed another glass of the *wine that maketh glad the heart of man*—and also *softens* it;—for the more he drank (what else had he to enjoy?—for he had long been a widower) the more and more pitiful became his mood—the more sensitive was he to compassionate suggestions; and by the time that he had finished the decanter, he was actually in tears. These virtuous feelings brought their own reward, too—for, from time to time, they conjured up the faint image of a bond conditioned for the payment of TEN THOUSAND POUNDS!

To change the metaphor a little—by the time that old Quirk had reached his office in the morning, the heated iron had cooled; if his heart had retained any of the maudlin softness of the preceding evening, the following pathetic letter from Titmouse might have made a very deep impression upon it, and fixed him in the benevolent and disinterested mind of the old lawyer, as indeed his "poor neighbor." The following is an exact copy of it. It had been written by Titmouse, all out of his own head; and with his own hand had he left it, at a late hour on the night before.

"To Messrs. Querk, Gamon, and Snape.

"Gents,

"Yr Esteem'd Favour his now before Me, which *must Say* have Give me Much Concern, seeing I Thought it was All Made up betwixt us That was of Such an *Unplaasant Nature* on Tuesday night (ultimo) wh I most humbly Own (and Acknowledge) I was all alone and *intirely* of My Own Fault, and Not in the Least Your's which behaved to me, Must say, In the most Respectful and superior manner that was possible to think Of, for I truly Say I never was In the Company of Such Imminent and Superior Gents before In my Life wh will take my Oath sincerely Of, Gents. Please to consider the Brandy (wh *do* think was *Uncommon Stiff*) such a flustrum As I Was In before, to, wh was Evident to All of Us there then Assembled and very natral like to be the Case Seeing, I have nevir known what Peas of Mind was since I behaved in Such a *Oudacious* way wh truly was the case I can't Deny to Such Gents as Yourselfs that were doing me such Good Fortune And Kindness to me as i would Be a

Dreadful *sin and shame* (such as Trust I can never be Guilty of) to be (wh am not) and never Can Be insensible Of, Gents do Consider all this Favorably because of my humble Amends wh I here Make with the greatest Trouble in my Mind that I have Had Ever Since, it was all the Sperrits I Tooke wh made me Go On at such a Rate wh was always (beg to Assure yr most respe house) the Case Since my birth when I took Sperrits near so little Since I had the Meazles when I was 3 Years Old as I Well Recollect and hope it will be Born in Mind what is Often Said, and I'm Sure Iv'e read it Somewhere Else that People that Is Drunk Always speaks the *Direct Contrarywise* of their True and Real Thoughts. (wh am Certain never was any Thing Truer in my case) so as I get the Money or What not, do whatever you Like wh are quite welcome to Do if you please, and No Asked, don't Mind saying by The Way It shall Be As Good as £200 note in The way of your Respe House if I Get the Estate of wh am much in Want of. Mr. Gamon (wh is the most Upright gent that ever I came across in All my Life) will tell you that I Was Quite Cut up when he came After me in that kind Way and told him Then how I loved yr Respecte House and would do all In My power to Serve You, which see if I Don't, I was in Such a rage with that Fellow (He's only in a *Situation* in Tottenham Ct Road) Huckaback which is his true name it was an *oudacious* thing, and on his Bendid Knees He asked the pardon of your Respectable House, sayg nothing Of Me wh wd not allow because I said I would Not Forgive Him because he had not injured me: But you, wh I wonder at his *Impudence* in Calling on Professional Gents like you, if I get The Estate shall never cease to Think well of you and mean While how full of Trouble I am *Often Thinking Of Death* which is the End of Every Thing And then in that Case who will the Property Go to Seeing I Have never a Brother or Sister Behind me. And Therefore Them That wd Get it I Feel Sure of wd Not do So Well by you (if You will Only believe Me) So Gents. This is All at present That I will Make so bold to trouble you With About my Unhappy Affairs Only to say That am *used* most Intolerably Bad now In The Shop quite Tyrannicall And Mr. Tag-Rag as Set Them All Against Me and I shall never get Another Situatn for want of a Charr which he will give me sayg nothg at Present of the Sort of Victules wh give me Now to Eat Since Monday last, For Which am Sure the Devil must have Come In to That Gentleman (Mr. Tag-rag, he was only himself in Holborn once, getts the Business by mariyg the widow wh wender At for he is nothing Particular to Look At.) I am yrs

Humbly to Command Till Death (always Humbly Begging pardon for the bad Conduct wh was guilty of when In Liquor Especially On an Empty Stomach, Having Taken Nothing all that Day excepting what I could not Eat,)

Your's most Respy

"Tittlebat Titmouse."

"P S. Will Bring That young Man with Tears In his Eyes to Begyr pardon Over again If You Like wh will Solemnly Swear if Required That he did It all of His *own* Head And that Have given It him For it in the Way That is Written Above And humbly Trust You Will make Me So happy Once more by Writing to me (if it is only a Line) To say You Have Thought No more of it. T. T. No 9 Closet Ct. Oxford Street. 14-7-182."

This touching epistle, I was saying, might have brought tears into Mr. Quirk's eyes, if he had been *used* to the melting mood, which he was not; having never been seen to shed a tear but once—when five-sixths of his little bill of costs (£196, 15s. 4d.) were taxed off in an action on a Bill of Exchange for £20. As it was, he tweedled the letter about in his hands for about five minutes, in a musing mood, and then stepped with it into Mr. Gammon's room. That gentleman took the letter with an air of curiosity, and read it over; at every sentence (if indeed a sentence there was in it) bursting into soft laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he laughed on concluding it—"a comical gentleman, Mr. Titmouse, upon my honor!"

"Funny—isn't it rather!" interposed Mr. Quirk, standing with his hands fumbling about in his breeches pockets.

"What a crawling despicable rascal!—ha, ha, ha!"

"Why—I don't quite say that, either," said Quirk, doubtingly—"I—don't exactly look at it in *that* light."

"My dear sir!" exclaimed Gammon, leaning back in his chair, and laughing rather heartily (at least for him).

"You can't leave off that laugh of yours," said Quirk, a little tartly; "but I must say I don't see any thing in the letter to laugh at so particularly. It is written in a most respectful manner, and shows a proper feeling towards the House."

"Ay! see how he speaks of *me!*" interrupted Gammon, with such a smile.

"And doesn't he speak so of me! and all of us!"

"He'll let the House tread on him till he can tread on the House, I dare say."

"But you must own, Mr. Gammon, it shows we've licked him into shape a bit—eh!"

"Oh, it's a little vile creeping reptile now, and so it will be to the end of the chapter of our proceedings; and when we've *done* every thing—really, Mr. Quirk! if one *were* apt to lose one's temper, it would be to see such a *thing* as that put into possession of such a fortune."

"That may be, Mr. Gammon; but I really—trust—I've—a higher feeling—to right—the injured"—— He could get no further.

"Hem!" exclaimed Gammon.

The parties smiled at one another. A touch, or an attempted touch of *disinterestedness!*—and at Quirk's time of life!

"But he's now in a humor for *training*, at all events—isn't he!" exclaimed Quirk—"we've something now to go to work upon—gradually."

"Isn't that a leaf out of *my* book, Mr. Quirk! isn't that exactly what"——

"Well, well—what does it signify?" interrupted Quirk, rather petulently—"I've got a crotchet that'll do for us, yet, about the matter of law, and make all right and tight,—so I'm going to Mortmain."

"I've got a little idea of my own of that sort, Mr. Quirk," said Gammon—"I've got an extract from Co-Little—. I can't imagine how either of them could have missed it, and, as Frankpledge dines with me to-day, we shall talk it all over with him. But, by the way, Mr. Quirk, I should say, with all deference, that we'll take no more notice of this fellow till we've got some screw tight enough."

"Why—all that may be very well, but you see, Gammon, the fellow seems the real heir, after all—and if *he* don't get it, *no one can*; and if *he* don't—*we* don't! eh?"

"There's a very great deal of force in that observation, Mr. Quirk," said Gammon emphatically:—and, tolerably well pleased with one another, they parted. If Quirk might be compared to an old file, Gammon was the *oil!*—so they got on, in the main, very well together. It hardly signifies what was the result of their interviews with their two conveyancers. They met in the morning on ordinary business; and as each made no allusions whatever to the "crochet" of the day before, it may be inferred that each had been satisfied by his conveyancer of having found a mare's nest.

"I think, by the way," said Mr. Gammon to Mr. Quirk, before they parted on the previous evening, "it may be as well, all things considered, to acknowledge the receipt of the fellow's note—eh?—*Can't* do any harm, you know, and civility costs nothing—hem!"

"The very thing I was thinking of," replied Quirk, as he always did on hearing any suggestion from Mr. Gammon. So by that night's post was dispatched (post-paid) the following note to Mr. Titmouse:—

"Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, have the pleasure of acknowledging the receipt of Mr. Titmouse's polite letter of last night's date; and earnestly beg that he will not distress himself about the little incident that occurred at their office on Tuesday night, and which they assure him they have quite forgotten. They made all allowances, however their feelings suffered at the time. They beg Mr. T. will give them credit for not losing sight of his interests, to the best of their ability, obstructed as they are, however, by numerous serious difficulties. If they should be in any degree hereafter overcome, he may rest assured of their promptly communicating with him; and till then they trust Mr. T. will not inconvenience himself by calling on, or writing to them.

"Saffron Hill, 15th July, 182–.

"P S.—Messrs. Q. G. and S. regret to hear that any unpleasantness has arisen (Gammon could hardly write for laughing) between Mr. Titmouse and his friend Mr. Hicklebagle, who, they assure him, manifested a very warm interest on behalf of Mr. T., and conducted himself with the greatest propriety on the occasion of his calling upon Messrs. Q G. and S. They happened at that moment to be engaged in matters of the highest importance; which will, they trust, explain any appearance of abruptness they might have exhibited towards that gentleman. Perhaps Mr. Titmouse will be so obliging as to intimate as much to Mr. Hickerbag."

There was an obvious reason for this polite allusion to Huckaback. Gammon thought it very possible that that gentleman might be in Mr. Titmouse's confidence, and exercise a powerful influence over him hereafter; and which influence Messrs. Q. G. and S. might find it well worth their while to secure beforehand.

The moment that Titmouse, with breathless haste, had read over this mollifying document, which being directed to his lodgings correctly, he of course did not obtain till about ten o'clock, he hastened to his friend Huckaback. That gentleman (who seemed now virtually recognised by Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap as Titmouse's confidant) shook his head ominously, exclaiming—"Blarney, blarney!" and a bitter sneer settled on his disagreeable features, till he had read down to the postscript; the perusal of which effected a sudden change in his feelings. He declared, with a great oath, that Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, were "perfect gentlemen," and would "do the right thing, Titmouse might depend upon it;" an assurance which greatly cheered Titmouse, to whose keen discernment it never once occurred to refer Huckaback's altered tone to the right cause, viz., the lubricating quality of the postscript; and since Titmouse did not allude to it, no more did Mr. Huckaback, although his own double misnomer stuck a little in his throat. So effectual, indeed, had been that most skilful postscript upon the party whom it had been aimed at, that he exerted himself unceasingly to revive Titmouse's confidence in Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, and Snap; and so far succeeded, that Titmouse returned to his lodgings at a late hour, a somewhat happier, if not a *wiser* man than he had left them. By the time, however, that he had got into bed, having once more spelt over the note in question, he felt as despondent as ever, and thought that Huckaback had not known what he had been talking about. He also adverted to an *apparently* careless allusion by Huckaback to the injuries which had been inflicted upon him by Titmouse on the Wednesday night: and which, by the way, Huckaback determined it should be no fault of his if Titmouse easily forgot! He hardly knew why—but he disliked this particularly.—Whom had he, however, in the world, but Huckaback? In company with him alone, Titmouse felt that his pent-up feelings could discharge themselves. Huckaback had certainly a wonderful knack of keeping up Titmouse's spirits, whatever cause he fancied he might really have for depression. In short, he longed for the Sunday morning—ushering in a day of rest and sympathy. Titmouse would indeed then have to look back upon an agitating and miserable week, what with the dismal upsetting of his hopes, in the manner I have described, and the tyrannical treatment he experienced at Dowlas and Co.'s. Mr. Tag-rag began, at length, in some degree, to relax his *active* exertions against Titmouse, simply because of the trouble it gave him to keep them up. He attributed the pallid cheek and depressed manner of Titmouse entirely to the discipline which had been inflicted upon him at the shop, and was gratified at perceiving that all his other young men seemed, especially in his presence, to have imbibed his hatred of Titmouse. What produced in Tag-rag this hatred of Titmouse? Simply what had taken place on the Monday. Mr. Tag-rag's dignity and power had been doggedly set at nought by one of his shopmen, who had since refused to make the least submission, or offer any kind of apology. Such conduct struck at the root of subordination in his establishment. Again, there is perhaps nothing in the world so calculated to enrage a petty and vulgar mind to the highest pitch of malignity, as the calm persevering defiance of an inferior, whom it strives to *despise*, while it is only *hating*, which it at the same time feels to be the case. Tag-rag now and then looked towards Titmouse, as he stood behind the counter, as if he could have murdered him. Titmouse attempted once or twice, during the week, to obtain a situation elsewhere, but in vain. He could expect no character from Tag-rag; and when the 10th of August should have arrived, what was to become of him? These were the kind of thoughts often passing through his mind during the Sunday, which he and Huckaback spent together in unceasing conversation on the one absorbing event of the last week. Titmouse, poor puppy, had dressed himself with just as much care as usual; but as he was giving the finishing touches at his toilet, pumping up grievous sighs every half minute, the sum of his reflections might be stated in the miserable significance of a quaint saying of Poor Richard's,—"How hard is it to make an empty sack stand upright!"

Although the sun shone as vividly and beautifully as on the preceding Sunday, to Titmouse's saddened eye there seemed a sort of gloom every where. Up and down the Park he and Huckaback walked, towards the close of the afternoon; but Titmouse had not so elastic a strut as before. He felt empty and sinking. Every body seemed to know what a sad pretender he was: and they quitted the magic circle much earlier than had been usual with Titmouse. What with the fatigue of a long day's saunter, the vexation of having had but a hasty, inferior, and unrefreshing meal, which did not deserve the name of dinner, and their unpleasant thoughts, both seemed depressed as they walked along the streets. At length they arrived at the open doors of a gloomy-looking building, into which two or three sad and prim-looking people were entering. After walking a few paces past the door—"D'ye know, Huck," said Titmouse, stopping, "I've often thought that—that—there's something in *Religion.*"

"To be sure there is, for those that like it—who doubts it? It's all very well in its place, no doubt," replied Huckaback, with much surprise, which increased, as he felt himself slowly being swayed round towards the building in question. "Well, but what of that?"

"Oh, nothing; but—hem! hem!" replied Titmouse, sinking his voice to a whisper—"a touch of—religion—would not be so amiss, just now. I feel—uncommon inclined that way, somehow."

"Religion's all very well for them that has much to be thankful for; but devil take me! what have either you or me to be"——

"But, Huck—how do you know but we might *get* something to be thankful for, by praying—I've often heard of great things;—Come."

Huckaback stood for a moment irresolute, twirling about his cane, and looking rather distastefully towards the dingy building. "To be sure," said he, faintly. Titmouse drew him nearer; but he suddenly started back.—"No! oh, 'tis only a meeting-house, Tit! Curse Dissenters, how I hate 'em! No—I won't pray in a meeting-house, let me be bad as I may. Give me a regular-like, respectable church, with a proper steeple, and parson, and prayers, and all that."

Titmouse secretly acknowledged the force of these observations; and the intelligent and piously disposed couple, with perhaps a just, but certainly a somewhat sudden regard for orthodoxy, were not long before they had found their way into a church where evening service was being performed. They ascended the gallery stair; and seeing no reason to be ashamed of being at church, down they both went, with loud clattering steps and a bold air, into the very central seat in the front of the gallery, which happened to be vacant. Titmouse paid a most exemplary attention to what was going on, kneeling, sitting, and standing with exact propriety, in the proper places; joining audibly in the responses, and keeping his eyes pretty steadily on the prayer-book, which he found lying there. He even rebuked Huckaback for whispering (during one of the most solemn parts of the service) that "there was a pretty gal in the next pew!"—He thought that the clergyman was an uncommon preacher, and said some things which he *must* have meant for him, Titmouse, in particular.

"Curse me, Hucky!" said he heatedly, as soon as they quitted the church, and were fairly in the street—"Curse me if—if—ever I felt so comfortable-like in my mind before, as I do now—I'll go next Sunday again."

"Lord Tit, you don't really mean—it's deuced dull."

"Hang me if I don't though! and if any thing should come of it—if I do but get the estate—(I wonder now, where *Mr. Gammon* goes to church. I should like to know!—I'd go there regularly)—But if I *do* get the thing—you see if I don't."

"Ah, I don't know; it's not much use praying for money, Tit; I've tried it myself, once or twice, but it didn't answer."

"I'll take my oath you were staring at the gals all the while, Hucky!"

"Ah, Titty!" Huckaback winked his eye, and put the tip of his forefinger to the tip of his nose, and laughed. Blackwood's Magazine.

PHRENOLOGICAL WELLERISMS.

Amativeness.—"Sweet food and fruits of early love," as the boy said to the almonds and raisins.

Philoprogenitiveness.—"What blessings children are," as the clerk said, when he took the fees for christening them.

Adhesiveness.—"You stick to me like true friends," as the man said to the tar and feathers after he had been Lynched.

Inhabitiveness.—"Home, sweet home!" as the vagrant said, when he was sent to prison for the third time.

Concentrativeness.—"I see the *hole* of your disorder," as the cobbler said to the boot that was worn out and wanted patching.

Combativeness.—"We've both had many a brush in our day," as the old sailor said to his cocked hat.

Destructiveness.—"It's a toe-tal loss," as the sailor said when the shark bit his leg off.

Alimentiveness.—"We are both matters of taste," as the gingerbread said to the fine picture.

Secretiveness.—"I'll *hide* you where nobody can find you," as the schoolmaster said when he took the truant into the cellar to larrup him.

Cautiousness.—"I'll ratify it, after I have put my concluding claws to it,' as the cat said when she was watching the mouse.

Approbativeness.—"We've come off with flying colors," as the ensign said when he ran away from the enemy.

Self-Esteem.—"Industry must prosper," as the pickpocket said, when he stole three handkerchiefs before his breakfast.

Firmness.—"The more you drive me, the firmer I am fixed," as the nail said to the hammer.

Conscientiousness.—"I shall prevent the use of ardent spirits," as the inkeeper said when he watered the liquors.

Marvellousness.—"Shouldn't wonder if that made my head ache," as the sailor said, when the cannon ball smashed his skull.

Veneration.—"All this world looks up to me," as the thief said, when he stood in the pillory.

Benevolence.—"I leave you the bulk of my personal property," as the fat old gentleman said to the lean nephew.

Constructiveness.—"I'll do it for *you* with pleasure," as the carpenter said when the hangman asked him to make a gallows.

Ideality.—"I'll banquet on the smiles of love," as the poet said, when he thought of his mistress about dinner time.

Imitation.—"I'll follow in your footsteps," as one thief said to another, when he spelled him on the treadmill.

Mirthfulness.—"I shall die laughing," as the ticklish man said, when the sheriff was fixing a rope round his neck to hang him.

Individuality.—"That's a personal remark," as the prisoner said, when the judge told him to hold out his right hand.

Form.—"You only want a tail to be one of us," as the monkey said to the whiskered dandy.

Size.—"It isn't the size of the present that gives it its value," as the gentleman said, when his lady brought him four boys at a birth.

Weight.—"I feel the weight of your resentment," as the man said, when his wife beat him with a broomstick.

Calculation.—"Your friendship is very dear to me," as the merchant said, when he had to pay his endorsements for his neighbors.

Locality.—"This spot seems rather wet and exposed," as the drunken man said, when he fell into the gutter.

Eventuality.—"I'm off," as the man's head said to the guillotine.

Time.—"My fate will soon be re-*veal*-ed to the world," as the calf said, when the butcher was going to kill it. Liverpool Chronicle.

What is more hateful than a puppyfied dandy? a starched up nincompoop? a witless ninnyhammer? a soft pawed squirt? or an empty headed ass strutting with a coxcomb's air, stepping like a wax doll on wires, and talking as if the English language was too vulgar to be spoken? We saw one the other day, and from the bottom of our stomach we hoped we

Ne'er should look upon his like again"

Thus he held forth.

Foine weatheah this mawrning—d—foine—think I shall dome at four and take a droive to-day—just from New Yauwk—left my Arabs theah—regret it most exceedingly as I should be deloighted to have the Misses—roide out for theah health a. Wonder how the thehmometah stands to day?—such a voluptuous atmospheah is most delicious—ah—I say Petah,—bring me a most delightful punch and chu segahs, will yeah? N. E. W. Review.

A Buffalo Hunt.—A party of boors had gone out to hunt a herd of buffaloes, which were grazing on a piece of marshy ground, interspersed with groves of yellow-wad and mimosa trees, on the very spot where the village of Somerset is now built. As they could not conveniently get within shot of the game without crossing part of the *vallee*, or marsh, which did not afford a safe passage for horses, they agreed to leave their steeds in charge of their Hottentots, and to advance on foot; thinking that, if any of the buffaloes should turn upon them, it would be easy to escape by retreating across the quagmire, which, though passable for man, would not support the weight of a heavy quadruped. They advanced accordingly, and, under covert of the bushes, approached the game with such advantage, that the first volley brought down three of the herd, and severely wounded the great bull leader, that he dropped onhis knees, bellowing furiously. Thinking him mortally wounded, the foremost of the huntsmen issued from the covert, and began re-loading his musket as he advanced to give him a finishing shot. But no sooner did the infuriated animal see his foe in front of him, than he sprang up and ran headlong upon him. The man throwing down his heavy gun, fled towards the quagmire; but the beast was so close upon him that he despaired of escaping in that direction, and turning suddenly round a clump of copse-wood, began to climb an old mimosa-tree which stood at one side of it. The raging beast, however, was too quick for him. Bounding forward with a roar, which my informant described as being one of the most frightful sounds he ever heard, he caught the unfortunate man with his terrible horns, just as he had nearly escaped his reach, and tossed him into the air with such force, that the body fell, dreadfully mangled, in a cleft of the tree. The buffalo ran round the tree once or twice, apparently looking for the man, until weakened with the loss of blood, again sank on his knees. The rest of the party, recovering from their confusion, then came up and dispatched him, though too late to save their comrade, whose body was hanging in the tree quite dead. Pringle.

Close Shooting.—On Thursday, the 18th inst., a noble buck, whose antlers bespoke him the veteran of some six or seven winters, paid a running visit to that beautiful and picturesque part of our country, Silver Lake, the residence of Dr. Rose, when, from the western shore, with all the noble bearing of a forest ranger, he, entrenched behind the seemingly secure fortress of a mighty log, viewed that beautiful sheet of water, *his left eye* and about the cereberum of the head were only visible to the acute observer. Mr. Edward W. Rose, (son of Dr. Rose,) who fired with unerring aim, when lo! the ball entered near the inner corner of the eye, and in a few minutes the noble animal breathed his last, in the bosom of the lake. Ere this, however: thrice he strove to bound ashore, thrice his powerful frame declined the attempt, until at length he became an easy prey to the victorious little hero. The body weighed 206 lbs.

This is a simple fact, but it shows enough, should the youth of our country be required to defend the liberties thereof. B.

Choconut, Nov. 30, 1839. Susquehannah Register.

Michigan City, (Indiana.) Dec. 4.

A Wild Child.—Strange as it may appear, it is correctly reported and very generally believed that a wild child, or lad, is now running at large among the sand hills round and in the vicinity of Fish Lake. It is reported to be about four feet high, and covered with a light coat of chesnut colored hair. It runs with great velocity, and when pursued, as has often been the case, it sets up the most frightful and hideous yells, and seems to make an effort at speaking. It has been seen during the summer months running along the lake shore, apparently in search of fish and frogs, and appears to be very fond of the water, for it will plunge into Fish Lake and swim with great velocity, all the time whining most piteously.

How this creature has come here, or what its history may be, we leave to conjecture; but may it not be probable that it may have strayed away from some emigrating party, when encamped for the night, and wandered off into the woods, where it has grown up an associate with the animals of the forest?—We think this may be the case. If so, what must have been the anguish of its parents and friends on learning that they were compelled to pursue their journey without their tender care! It is also supposed that it may have been stolen by the Indians, and left in the forest to perish; but we can hardly believe such to be the case.

It would be nothing but an act of humanity on the part of our young men to turn out and help to capture it. Gazette.

THE MULE.

Of all the hybrid animals nature seems capable of producing, there is none which is more valuable for its services to man than the mule, which, as well known, is the offspring of a jack and a mare. Owing to some cause not yet explained, hybrid animals are unable to perpetuate their species, and hence to increase their numbers, recourse must be had to the animals from which they were originally derived. The common mule is a very valuable animal, patient of fatigue, hardy, kept with much less cost than the horse, and for domestic purposes, or for the farm, is, by those who have used them, considered far superior.

The mule possesses the peculiar character of longevity in a greater degree than any domesticated animal, apparently uniting the age of both the beasts from which it springs, in itself. Thus, if we consider the natural age of the horse to be thirty years, and that of the ass forty years, the mule would live to sixty-five or seventy, and this age has been frequently attained by them. The mule is in great demand for the West Indies and South America, and is extensively bred for exportation to those countries. The mule is much less liable to disease than the horse; and being capable of longer continued bodily exertion than either the horse or the ass, it is principally used for carrying burdens over the wastes and mountains of all countries. The mule is rather inclined to be vicious, and sometimes unruly, but by care when young, these propensities are checked, and they are the most docile and manageable of animals. It is objected against them, that their size is too small for farm or agricultural purposes; but this is owing to the parents, particularly the jack, being of inferior size; and where good Spanish jacks, and large mares, are used for breeding, this objection does not exist. It has been observed, that as a general rule, the mule is just about the medium between the size of the sire and the dam, of course animals large enough for any purpose requiring strength, endurance, and economy, can be produced by proper care in breeding. The usual pace of the mule is about six or seven miles an hour, though some have been able to trot twelve miles in the same time. They are much used in the coal and iron works of Great Britain, and at the works of Colebrook Dale, several of these animals have lived and labored more than sixty years. The breeding of mules is better understood in Kentucky and Tennessee than in perhaps any other part of the United States; and great numbers of this valuable stock are annually driven from those States. When Gov. Shelby, of Kentucky, died, a few years since, at the settlement of his estate, the sale of his mules produced between fourteen and fifteen thousand dollars; several spans bringing, unless we have forgotten, four or five hundred dollars each. We are of the opinion, that our northern farmers would find the larger mules a valuable addition to their working cattle as more economical in every respect. Genesee Farmer.

On Dits in Sporting Circles.

Portrait of Boston.—The most life-like, spirited, and beautiful picture DE LATTRE has painted in this country is his portrait of the great *Boston*. The friends of "*Old White-nose*" are apprised that the picture will remain on exhibition at this office for this day only, where they are invited to call and see it. On Monday morning it goes into the hands of the Engraver, so that we may be enabled to furnish a superb portrait of him to each of our subscribers with the first number of our next volume, which will be issued on the 7th day of March ensuing.

Passenger.—We regret to state that our facetious friend "Major Boots" has for several weeks been "off his feed" in this city, consequently our Carolina friends need be under no apprehension of "waking up the wrong Passenger" at the Charleston races.

Gen. IRVINE'S *Busiris* will not go to Kentucky, probably, until next Fall, after making a season near Philadelphia. He is one of the most valuable stallions of Eclipse's get; his colts are large, are in fine form, and capital travellers. Some of them, from cold blooded mares, three years old last Spring, can readily trot a mile within three minutes, and the owner of one of them offered a bet recently, considerable in amount, that his colt, when 4 yrs. old, could and would trot a mile in 2:40. If the gentleman owning this colt is willing to dispose of him at a fair price, he may hear of a purchaser by addressing the editor of this paper.

Dr. JOHN SHELBY, a distinguished breeder of Stock at Nashville, Tenn., has purchased *Lady Archiana* and *Lubly Rosa*, from the stud of PHILIP WALLIS, Esq., of Baltimore. Messrs. KIRKMAN, of the same city, have purchased two colts of this year, out of Lady Archiana and Pandora the 2d, by Eastern Shore, a son of Luzboro', and also a 2 yr. old Tranby filly, out of Archiana's dam, called Conservative. Pandora 2d has been purchased by Mr. THOMAS ALDERSON, who will breed her next season to Imp. Volney, a son of Velocipede.

The Ear of a Fox-hunter.—We have often been surprised at the distance at which a Fox-hunter will recognise the tongue of a favorite hound, and how perfectly it is remembered after a long separation, or we should have been incredulous of the truth of the following authentic anecdote of Maj. R——y, of North Carolina. In travelling through Tennessee a few years since, the Major lost one of the finest hounds in his pack; in re-visiting that State the following season, as he was travelling in the stage from Memphis to Nashville, he heard his dog on the trail of a deer; his fellow passengers were inclined to laugh at the idea of his recognizing the tongue of his hound after such an absence; but the Major insisted he could not be mistaken, and having prevailed on the driver to pull up, he borrowed his horn, and in a few minutes called the dog in to him. The recognition was mutual, and the hound was carried home to North Carolina.

Pigeon and Swallow Shooting Extraordinary.—The best shooting we ever heard of was made in this city in the month of July or August, in 1825. It was a match for $500, the best in 50 shots, and came off up-town, on the site of the Screw Dock, which at that time consisted of several vacant lots. The match was made between Mr. JOHN WHALEY, of this city, then a gunsmith in Water-street, and a French gentleman, residing at the City Hotel. The bound was forty yards in diameter, with the trap in the centre—distance 18 paces, though Whaley preferred 20 paces. The French gentleman shot first, and counted 47, the 48th falling over the ring. Whaley counted 49, and the 50th fell but 18 inches outside of the bound. A large sum changed hands on the occasion, as the odds were 10 to 1 on the French gentleman after he had killed 47.

At the conclusion of the first match, Mr. Whaley offered to shoot 10 out of 12 swallows on the wing, for $500 a side. The challenge was accepted, and a few days subsequently the parties repaired to Long Island, where Whaley won the match, by killing the first 10.

A. L. JACKSON, Esq., of Whitehall, Greene Co., Ill., has purchased *Robin Hood*, by Cock of the Rock, out of Molly Kelly, by Cox's Arabian. Mr. J. found him in Vermont, where a great majority of the common stallions are full, or thorough-bred, which accounts for the strength, beauty, stamina, and fine action of the road horses of that State. Robin Hood will make his next season at Mr. J.'s stable, at $25.

Argyle.—This celebrated race horse, who retires from the Turf at the age of nine years, after a brilliant career, is advertised to stand next season at the plantation of Mr. WM. SMITH, in Laurens District, S. C., at $50. The reputation he has acquired as the sire of winners (*vide* the races of Kate Seyton, Gov. Butler, etc.) will ensure him the liberal patronage of the breeders of South Carolina.

Maj. BEN. LUCKETT, of Franklin Co., Ky., has sold his 2 yr. old br. c. by Imp. Swiss, dam by Sumpter, to Messrs. B. POWELL NOLAND, E. M. HUNTINGTON, and THOS. DOWLING, of Terre Haute, Ind., for $400. The owners claim for him the name of *Crichton*.

THOS. DOWLING, Esq., of Terre Haute, Ind., has purchased of JAMES L. BRADLEY, Esq., of Fayette Co., Ky., his ch. stallion *Dungannon*, by Sumpter, dam by the Duke of Bedford, for $1000. Dungannon was bred by Col. W. Buford, of Woodford Co., Ky.

Mr. D. claims the name of *Alice Darvill* for his 2 yr. old br. f. by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Doublehead.

JOHN B. RICHARDSON, Esq., of York, Ill., has purchased of Maj. T. A. LEE, of the same State, his b. c. *Maximus*, 4 yrs. old, by Bertrand, dam by Imp. Eagle. The price has not transpired.

JAMES BERRY, of Cincinnati, agrees to trot his horse *Confidence*, against L. W. HALSEY'S mare *Kate Haun*, formerly *Lady Victory*, for two thousand dollars a side, half forfeit, over the Kingsbury Course, Baltimore, two mile heats, in harness; to come off on Monday previous to the Kendall Course Fall Meeting. The race to be governed by the Rules of the Course.

Racing in the West Indies is very popular, and accordingly patronized. A great match recently came off at Kingston, Jamaica, Two mile heats, which is thus described in the "Dispatch":—

Mr. Norton's b. m. *Celeste*, 10st	Mr. Whitfield, 2d W. I. R.	2	1	1
Mr. Conran's b. h. Jim Crow, 10st	Mr. Smith, 56th Regt.	1	2	2

This was the best contested match we have seen for some time. The gentlemen deserve great credit for the condition in which their nags were brought to the scratch, although, on the score of humanity, we think catch weights for 2 mile heats would be more like the thing. The first heat Jim Crow jumped off with the lead, which he was allowed to keep through the two miles. The second heat the mare took the lead, which was taken from her by Jim Crow; he, in his turn, was obliged to yield, and the mare won the heat hard in hand. The third heat, the mare again went off with the lead, at a good pace, which she maintained for a mile and a-half, when Jim Crow made a rush, caught, and passed her, leading all round the top of the Course, where the mare again came up, challenged, and passed him, winning by a length and a half. Celeste owes a great proportion of her laurels to her rider, Mr. Whitfield, whose superior riding and judgment was evident to every one.

The Secretary of the Fulton (Mo.) Jockey Club will not forget, we trust, to send us a complete report of the meeting which commenced on the 2d Oct. The Officers of the Club are:—President, Maj. W. W. SNELL; Vice Presidents, Drs. S. Hopson and I. Curd; Corresponding Secretary, John Curd; Recording Secretary, Wm. Huston; Stewards, A. Bledsoe, Wm. R. Martin, Francis Kelly, John Simpson, and Wm. Settle.

Accident.

Yesterday afternoon a horse ran away with a man, and before his progress was arrested he tumbled him into a ditch, and injured him considerably. Dr. Peter C. Slop being providentially at hand, tendered his valuable services, and from him we have received, through a correspondent up-town, the following history of the case:—

"The violence done to the querico-nimbles was very great, involving the obtundities of the fungiform processes, and extending along the course of the spoonbobalinctums to the epidermoid processes of the pizarinctums. The confusion produced to the abominable parts was very extensive, and caused a severe attack of bellyites, which soon brought on scrutinutory symptoms. The patient being of the carniverous temperament, and of a bibulous diathasis, it was thought advisable to bleed him in the choroid expansion of the tympanitic vein; this being opened, and two drachms of the sanguinary fluid being suddenly extracted, the more violent symptoms were strenuously absorbed, and the disease is thought likely to terminate in a fluctuation of the spasmoid processes of the quericonimbles. Much praise is due to Dr Slop for his unwearied attention to the patient, and masterly skill in managing such a hotroginous case."

W. X. S

BETTING.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 10, 1839.

Mr. P.—Will you be pleased to answer in your next No. of the "Spirit of the Times" the following queries:—

1. Was the time in the second race between Wagner and Grey Eagle as good as the first?

2. A bet B that he would place four horses in the Wagner Sweepstake at Louisville last Sept., without condition or qualification. Agreeably to the result of that race, did B win?

3. L bet D Wagner vs. the Kentucky entries, consisting of Grey Eagle, &c. &c. Must not the whole number of the entries run in order to make the bet valid?

Yours very respectfully, D.

To the 1st query we reply—Not in the aggregate, the time of the first race being 15:32, and of the second, 15:34. There can be no question, however, of the second race being by far the best.

To the 2d query we reply, that, If the four started that A named, B *might* have won; if either of the four horses named failed to start, the bet was void. If the four horses named by A *did* start, and he placed them correctly, of course he wins.

To the 3d query we reply, that, If it was understood by the parties when the bet was made that L bet B, Wagner against the Kentucky horses that *might* start, then L wins. But if L bet D, Wagner vs. the Kentucky nominations (seven in all), then the bet is void, as but three out of the seven started.

THE NEW ORLEANS RACES.

The Southern *Mails* are fast becoming much more uncertain than the *females*. A letter, dated the 12th Dec., reached us yesterday from one of our special correspondents at New Orleans, being the first mail, south of Washington, that has arrived these three days. He writes that the Northern mail had failed in New Orleans for nearly a fortnight past; the latest New York dates, on the 12th instant, were to the 27th Nov.,

The races over the Metarie Course commenced on the 11th instant for the purse of $800. Two mile heats. The following was the result:—

M. & D. F. Kenner's gr. c. *Grey Medoc*, by Medoc, out of Grey Fanny by Bertrand, 4 yrs., 100lbs	1	1
Jas. S. Garrison's ch. m. *Glorvina*, by Industry, dam by Bay Richmond, aged, 121 lbs	2	2
Col. A. L. Bingaman's gr. f. *Band Box*, by O'Kelly, out of Lucy Brooks by Bertrand, 3 yrs., 83lbs	3	3

Time, 4:00—3:56½.

Grey Medoc (late Greydoc) was the favorite, and won handily.

On the following day, Thursday, Dec. 12th, came off the Three mile race for the purse of $1200, which resulted as follows:—

Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. m. *Sarah Bladen*, by Leviathan, out of Morgiana by Pacolet, 5 yrs., 107lbs	1	1
W. R. Barrow's b. h. *Pressure*, by Trumpator, dam by Sir William, 5 yrs., 110lbs	3	2
H. A. Tayloe's ch. m. *Eloise*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Mary Wasp by Don Quixotte, 5 yrs., 107lbs	2	3
J. F. Miller's ch. f. *Curculia*, by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs., 97lbs	4	4

Time, 5:49½—5:52.

Sarah was the favorite against the field, and won cleverly, after a fine race. We regret to learn that *Pressure* let down in the last heat when making a gallant brush up the quarter stretch.

On Friday, for the purse of $2000, Four mile heats, the following entries were made:—

I. S. Garrison's b. h. *Billy Townes*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs., 110lbs.
Dr. Ira Smith's (W. Thurston's) ch. c. *Sthreshley*, by Medoc, dam by Paragon, 4 yrs., 100lbs.
H. A. Tayloe's Imp. bl. m. *Maria Black*, by Filho da Puta, dam by Smolensko, 5 yrs., 107lbs.

A tip-top race was anticipated, and speculation was rife, each entry being heavily backed. Wagner, Zela, Bee's-wing, The Poney, and *Ralph*, were "laying up in lavender" until "the starch" had been taken out of Townes and the imported filly. The races over the Louisiana Course, were to commence on the 18th, and over the Eclipse Course on the 24th, so that the *Orleanois* will have three weeks' sport in succession. Our correspondent writes there is no truth in the report of *Altorf's* being foundered. The stables were uncommonly numerous and full, and in general good health and condition.

NATCHEZ (Miss.) FALL RACES.

Commenced over the *Pharsalia Course*, near that city, on

MONDAY, Nov. 11, 1839—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, feather weights. Three subs. at $500 each, P. P. One mile.

Stephen D. Elliott's ch. f. *Conchita*, sister to Capt. McHeath, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Miss Bailey by Imp. Boaster	1
Jas. Railey's ch. c. *Nick of the Woods*, by Medoc, out of Sister to Dungannon by Sumpter	2

Time, 2:08. Track very deep and muddy.

TUESDAY, Nov 12—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Seven subs. at $500 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's own sister to Zelina ..... walked over.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 13—Jockey Club Purse $400, entrance $50, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds carrying 70lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 126lbs; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's gr. f. *Band Box*, by O'Kelly, out of Lucy Brooks by Bertrand, 3 yrs	*Sip.* 1
Jas. Rockwater's b. c. *Capt. Pomp*, by Imp. Luzborough, 3 yrs	dist.

Time, 4:04. Track heavy.

THURSDAY, Nov. 14—Purse $400 in money, and the *Pharsalia Plate*, value $300, ent. $100, conditions as before; the Cup to be withdrawn, if there be but one entry. Three mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's gr. c. *Ajax*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 3 y. walked over.

FRIDAY, Nov. 15—Purse $1200, ent. $125, conditions as before; Four mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. m. *Sarah Bladen*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Morgiana by Pacolet, 5 yrs	*Dave.*	1 1
W. J. Minor's gr. h. *Sir Ariss*, by Trumpator, out of Grey Eagle's dam by Wild Medley, 5 yrs		2 2

Time, 8:36—8:50. Track uncommonly deep and heavy. Won very easy.

SATURDAY, Nov. 16—Purse $550, entrance $50, conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

W. J. Minor's b. f. *Telie Doe*, by Pacific, dam by Grey Tail, 4 yrs. *Charles Blakes.*	1	1	1
Col. A. L. Bingaman's gr. f. *Band Box*, pedigree above, 3 yrs	2	2	2

Time, 1:58—1:57—2:02. Track still very heavy.

As soon as the entries were known, the betting commenced in good earnest. Both parties stood up manfully to their favorite, neither asking nor giving quarter until 10 o'clock of the day of the race, when the Band Box men dropt out of the combat to replenish and wait for odds; the former being accomplished, and the latter not offering, they again came boldly into action, fired a heavy broadside of grape and small arms, and endeavored to take up a raking position; the Telie men had however anchored with springs upon their cables, and were not to be caught napping; they returned gaily right and left, wore ship, and were yard arm and yard arm with the enemy; both kept up a murderous discharge for half an hour: when the B. B. men again hauled off, being very much cut up in the waist; while some of the Telie men feared they had received great damage in their lower works, and were glad of a cessation of hostilities; others were nothing daunted and were disposed to cut their cables, and board the enemy Post note in hand. The attention of both parties was now attracted to two strange sail that appeared in sight, one in the eastern the other in the western board; as they approached one was made out a low, light built, light colored schooner; the B. B. in her foretopsail proved her to be the Band Box; her friends gave her three cheers, and she immediately ran up her colors, (black over crimson) and beat to quarters; the other turned out a *long, low, dark* schooner, but she had more of the Baltimore clipper about her, and soon showed "the dark blue," the well known colors of Telie Doe. Both vessels were pronounced in first-rate trim, and after a little manœuvring, Telie got the weather-gage, and the action commenced hot and heavy; the fine sailing qualities of the dark schooner gave her a decided advantage in a running fight, and she silenced her enemy in three rounds, while she came out of the action without having received the slightest injury either below or aloft.

Yours in haste, A. Y. T.

THE AGE OF MR. LONG'S "LIKENESS."

[The following letter, received during the absence of the Editor, has been overlooked; we have great pleasure in giving it a place, as it fully explains a circumstance which has excited some unpleasant feeling in the section where it occurred.]

COLUMBUS, Miss., Aug. 28, 1839.

To the Editor of the "Spirit of the Times"—Dear Sir,—As there has been some erroneous rumors about the Race of my imported mare, *Likeness*, at Montgomery, Alabama, last January, two mile heats, I have thought it due to myself to make the following explanation, which, I well know, will convince, as well as correct, every misstatement that has been made in relation to the race.

I purchased the mare from Maj. A. J. DAVIE, as the following certificate, which I now have in my possession, will testify:—

WARRENTON, Oct. 26, 1838.

This day, sold to R. H. LONG, a sorrel Filly, imported by me, got by Peter Lely, her dam Worthless, by Walton. She was three years old last Spring, and no more. This mare was bought by Mr. Long at thirty-four hundred and fifty dollars, as agent for some gentlemen at Columbus, Mississippi.

A. J. DAVIE.

I came on from Warrenton, N. C., to Montgomery, Ala., where in Jan., 1839, I entered Likeness for the two mile day. Some conjectures were uttered that she was four years old. I exhibited Maj. Davie's certificate, and notwithstanding she had been entered as a three years old, I ran her with ninety-seven pounds, a four year old's weight.

On the morning of the race, Dr. Lucas showed me, in the "Spirit of the Times," the race at Warrenton, in which Maj. Davie had run Likeness the past Fall as a four year old; I then, notwithstanding the Major's certificate, fearful that he might be mistaken, ran Likeness with the weight of a four year old, 97 lbs. I advised with Jas. S. Garrison, Esq., and concluded to run her as four. Gen. Scott, previous to this, had told me if I ran her as a three, and upon examination she proved to be a four, I must refund the money, to which I readily acceded. Dr. Brown and Mr. David Stevenson, and one other gentleman, whose name I have forgotten, were the judges; and your agent, Mr. Leefe, the weigher, all of whom were acquainted with the fact that she carried 97 lb., a four year old's weight.

Nothing is more repugnant to my feelings than to be coerced to an explanation of this kind, and I do believe, in fact I do know, that no gentleman with whom I am acquainted would believe that I would not, in the purchase of an animal, take every precaution, as regards its age, knowing the great advantage a four year old has, when running as a three. It was not the amount of money, nor the reputation of my mare, that prompted me so much to investigate her age, by advising with the proprietor, and many other gentlemen, as regards my mare's age; but it was my standing as a sportsman, and a man of character and veracity, which no man conscientiously can impugn, and no man wantonly shall. Respectfully yours, R. H. LONG.

MR. WILSON'S STATEMENT.

PORTSMOUTH (Va.), Dec. 20, 1839.

To the Editor of the Spirit of the Times:—My attention has been called to a communication in your paper of the 28th Nov., over the signature of "A," in reply to a Washington correspondent. Your correspondent has thought proper to introduce my name; he ought to have made himself acquainted with the facts, and confined himself strictly to the truth. Knowing that so far as I am concerned, a misrepresentation has been made by "A.," justice to myself demands that I should reply.

When I became the proprietor of the Washington Course, I dissolved, after the first race, the Club, and raised a new one for twelve months only. The new Club agreed to adopt the rules of the old Club; being a stranger, I applied for a copy, but none could be found; I was promised a copy, but never received it.

After the race between *Buck-Eye* and *Rowena*, I did say that if I was to be governed by such a rule as the Judges had made, that I would no longer be the proprietor of the course; and instead of being dismissed by the Club, as "A." has intimated, I declared openly that I would have no farther connection with such an aristocratic Club, as I pronounced them to be. The assertion of "A." that I said that the leading nag had the right to pick the track, and that if I had read the rules I would have paid no attention to them, I pronounce to be a gross misrepresentation, as I do also the case made that I would pay no attention to the Judges' instructions, and that I denied their right to interfere.

I will also make a statement in relation to the race between Buck-Eye and Rowena, and your readers may decide the matter. Buck-Eye passed Rowena on the outside one-fourth of a mile from the stand, and turned in the stretch on the outside, and continued in that position to the end of the heat, and I venture to assert that on every track in the Union it is expressly given in charge when they arrive at the head of the stretch, coming in home for the last run, that they shall take their position and continue it to the stand, without impeding or crossing their adversary.

I have now given you a simple hint of the case. I gave up the Washington Course of my own free will and accord, and I trust I shall never again be connected with a Club, or its members, that will not give to every man a fair field and no favor, and not exact more from the proprietor than from any other person.

Yours, &c. E. J. WILSON.

MONS. TONSON AND HIS GET.

Mr. Editor—In your remarks relative to Boston and his predecessors, you observe that "*Argyle* has been the only durable son of *Mons. Tonson*." Now, in justice to another one of the get of Mons. Tonson, as well as the old horse himself, I beg leave to call your attention to *Tuskeno's* races at Christiansville, Va., Fall, 1838.

By reference to your paper of Dec. 8th, 1838, you will find that Tuskeno, then 8 years old, ran second to Altorf on the first day of the races, two mile heats, over a remarkably stiff, heavy track, in 3:54—3:50, and considering the order of the track, the best time ever made over it. Tuskeno carrying 124 lbs., Altorf, one of the best 3 yr. olds in the State, only 86 lbs. Susan Lindsay and a Fylde colt distanced in the same race. On the third day of the same races, Tuskeno won a two mile purse, beating Crab, and distancing McCargo's Tonson filly, dam by Virginian.

Tuskeno would have been trained again this fall but for the objection of one of his owners. He is now upwards of nine years old, and as sound and in as fine health and vigor as any horse in Va. In your remarks alluded to above, you attribute Argyle's durability entirely to his dam. This cannot be the case with Tuskeno, whose dam was by Archy, and whose half-brother, John Tyler, by Eclipse (whose stock was remarkable for their lastingness), though a fine race horse broke down at 4 yrs. old. Tuskeno commenced his racing career at 3 yrs. old, and has been on the turf ever since, only for the last 4 yrs. standing in the Spring, running every fall, with only one fall's intermission, and then it was owing to the death of his owner that he was not trained. G.

Mecklenburg, Dec. 18th, 1839.

FANNY WRIGHT.

In speaking of the New Orleans Races last week, we remarked that "a most exciting four mile race was anticipated between Wagner, Billy Townes, and Bee's-wing." A correspondent thinks we overlooked another four miler of pretensions equal to either of those mentioned, save Wagner, that is also at New Orleans. He refers to Col. BINGAMAN's *Fanny Wright*, and asks if we recollect anything of such a mare? We do, and can tell him a heap o' things about her, having seen her make her best four mile race at New Orleans in 1837, beating Glorvina, over the Eclipse Course, in 7:51½—8:04. She won six four mile races that year. We did not mention her, to be sure, but our correspondent might as well have scolded us because we omitted to name Maria Black, The Poney, Zela, Linnet, Sarah Bladen, and one or two others. Can he suppose one half of these will meet in the same four mile race? By the time some of them have done with *Ralph*, who has never yet started four mile heats, they will have got enough. But to Fanny Wright.

Our correspondent asks if we recollect anything of such a mare? Turning to a bundle of *mems*, made during a flying visit to the South-west, we find the following:—

Fanny Wright, the crack of the South (as she doubtless was at that time). She is very like Trifle, BALIE PEYTON thinks, while her forelegs remind those who have seen both of HAYNIE's Maria. They are very short; her arms are placed well apart, while her feet come close together; her cannon bones are very short, and her hoofs, which are small and well shaped, are attached to long and oblique pasterns. Her beautifully arched neck comes out well from her shoulders, and there is no depression between the point of the withers and the crest. She carries her head, which is high and well set on, very erect; a finer nostril, or more intelligent eye is rarely to be seen. She has a capital middle piece, and is ribbed out strong. The points of her shoulders incline back, approximating towards the point of the hip, and her thigh and stifle are good, while her quarters are much heavier than Angora's. She is a rich chesnut, with a coat like satin, and had we not seen her measured under the standard, should never have suspected her of being half an inch short of fifteen hands high. Her limbs are remarkably clean, the tendons standing out firm and clear from her shank bones, like the strings of a violincello.

At the time we saw her, she was a very blooklike-looking filly, and could beat Angora two miles. GARRISON thought she could have run over the Eclipse Course on the day she beat Glorvina, in 7:45, heavy as it was, and her owner offered to match her against the Union for $10,000. She has been out but a few times since the campaign of 1837, and we have all along supposed that it must be owing to her inability to pack her weight that Col. B. was induced to purchase Sarah Bladen at $8000. The Messrs. PINDELL, of Ky., own her dam, an own brother, coming 3 yrs., and some others of her stock, that we saw in October last, all of which is very promising.

Having, as we hope, convinced our correspondent that we have not been "picked up" without "any show for the money," we will tell him of an adventure of Fanny's that occurred in October 1836, as Walker Thurston was taking her down the river from Louisville to Natchez. At about daybreak one morning, as the steamboat was opposite the Arkansas shore, Fanny jumped overboard, with her halter tied. The boat, it seems, was near one bank of the Mississippi, but Fanny "put out" on the opposite side, and was obliged to swim more than a mile to reach the bank. How she contrived to get upon terra firma Walker could not say; it is only known that she wandered through the wilds of Arkansas near six weeks before she was discovered. Walker, at the first woodyard, offered a reward of $200 for her recovery, and she was eventually discovered and brought down to Natchez, where she passed into the hands of her present owner. The squatter who caught her, not knowing to whom she belonged, thought she might as well be made to pay expenses, and being out of powder, (as Walker tells the story) he one day ran down a deer on her back!

THE LATE MOBILE RACES.

We published last week a report of these races, but have since received an official one from the Corresponding Secretary of the Club, a gentleman favorably known to the sporting world as one of the editors of this paper some years since. The two reports correspond, therefore we merely publish the capital letter accompanying the last one received:—

MOBILE, Dec. 10, 1839.

Dear P.—Though Alchymists may say, and truly too, that gold when tried for seven times in the fire, must needs be pure, the rule that holds with *lumps* of metal is not so true with *lads* of mettle, as "we the select few"—surviving members of the *can't-get-away-club*—can fully prove. We Mobilians have certainly been heated seven *times* seven—fever and fire included—yet are we none the better for it, since, however philosophical the process, it has left us with more *dolors* than dollars. *Doctors* were lately running after us all day, and now their *duns* have taken up the same pursuit, and it is a well-known fact, that one Dennis Daly, an honest clipper of cloth, residing here, has, from the fact of boasting such a common name, been three times sued for his own funeral expenses! and what is more, he's still alive to tell it! What the surviving *John Smith* has suffered from similar mistakes is more than I can even guess at. Things are sadly dull with us, however brisk they are with you, for our poor *Cheinneyville*, and all its cits, are as grave as a churchyard, and as full of vapors as one of Ely Moore's stump speeches. A racy joke, or a racy tale, however much they are in keeping with the *spirit of the times* in New York, are out of order here, and hence the dullness of our late Fall meeting. Scarcely had the fires and fevers left us, when our racing week arrived; but not so our horses, or our horsemen. Few of them had yet ventured into this "burnt district," and our former Jockey Club having expired, not by the epidemic, but by its own limitation, it was not possible to organize afresh in time to make a merry meeting, but our spirited proprietor would not back out, and so we got along the best way that we could. The official results I give below, and by them, too, your practised eye will see at once that our racers were few, our races poor, and our racing slow. Indeed, watches were scarcely needed, for drivers of drays could nearly guess the time from practice. The track was heavy, and all hands were dull. But hurrah for our next concern!—"*who's for the Spring meeting?*" *we* say, as Goldfinch said before us. You will perceive by our advertisement, which I send for insertion in the "Spirit," that we have all woke up once more! Our four miles Sweepstakes, for which we can raise a field of six—our splendid cup race—sweepstakes, colt stakes, and post stakes, P. P., exclusive of all our Jocky Club purses, "give dreadful note of preparation" for a fierce campaign. So once again we say—"*Who's for the Spring meeting?*"

* * * * * * *

Thus ended the sports of the week, but of their brilliancy we cannot boast much; yet our Spring meeting on the 10th March will make amends for all. I wish you would attend our races then personally, for *entre nous*, many warm friends of the "Spirit" here say aloud that Mobile is much neglected by you and yours, which should *not* be allowed. *Verb. sap.*

What is to become of our four mile races if two such sires as Mingo and Medoc be carried off at such short notice? They were two of the best of our native stock, and should such brief lives attend Boston, Wagner, and Grey Eagle, it will be long before we see any first heat done in 7:37, or even 7:40—or any second in 7:43, or a third in 7:48! Poor Mingo! There was an endeavor made here last week to prove that Wagner's second heat with Grey Eagle was run in 7:33! instead of 7:43, and the time of each mile was paraded (as official) making this *wonderful* heat! Lawyers hold that the worst witness a man can start is he who *proves too much*. We commend the aphorism to some *Timers* we have heard of.

During our races, some Northern nags passed through, but did not shew. I paid a stable visit to Dosoris, Zela, and Tom Moore; the former is now turned out, the latter is expected to run in New Orleans. In my next official report I hope to make a better show of sport; for though Mobile be now like a spring depressed, trust me she will rise again. Yours truly, M. J. C.,

Corresponding Sec'y.

SPORTING EPISTLE FROM "C. OF TENNESSEE."

GALLATIN (Tenn.), Dec. 4, 1839.

Bro. P.—After the glimpse I had of your corporosity, I indulged the following reflections.—And is this the editor of the "Spirit," that flies on the wings of some thousands of printed sheets! What a mighty influence this man wields on the American people!—yea, the lever with which he raises so great a weight is felt across the Atlantic, on the coasts of "the former and the hinder sea," and the islands which are afar off. How careful, then, should he be in selecting pieces for insertion in the columns of the "Spirit." It was asked, or rather regretted, by a traveller, that there was *no* American minister in the kingdom of modern Greece, whose throne was filled by the person of King Otho. A friend observed that "America was better represented there than any of the foreign nations, in the persons of Mr. and Mrs. HILL, the missionary schoolmaster and mistress, who were pouring floods of light upon the rising generation of emancipated Greece, by teaching her children the very language in which her Demosthenes thundered, and her Homer sang;—yea, and re-publishing that very gospel to the present generation that St. Paul proclaimed to the Athenians on Mars' Hill. O! what an instrumentality for weal or woe is the press! I sometimes desire to be an editor of a newspaper—again I see such a fearful responsibility connected with the affair, that I shrink back into my wonted retirement, "watching *a few poor sheep* in this wilderness." I fear you will almost conclude that this is bordering on sermonizing.

Well, we had like not to have met, but we did, though. And what a disappointment! I had imagined a pert, tidy, round-faced, black-eyed little brother, with quick step and an elastic bound, that could *out-talk the Jews*. But, my conscience! thought I, is it possible—like Saul the son of Kish—there is a man taller, by the head and shoulders, than a little man; he stood before me a graceful form of six feet or more, if not a Belvidere Apollo, yet a fair specimen of the American staple, with the countenance of friendship beaming in the "human face divine." I could have wished that short half hour had continued till now, but then what would have become of the "Spirit" and its many readers! Ah! this is a changing world, friend P., in which we live; and there are many whirligigs of fortune that are turned round in its changes.

Well, when I began this queer letter (I think I hear you say) I intended to tell you, and all whom it doth concern, that old *Black Maria* is *with foal*, as sure as ever her mother was before her. I saw her a few days ago, when I visited (not her harem, as a modest young man said when speaking of a breeding stud) but her box, or stall, and the old thing walked up to me. "Take care, Parson," said Dr. P, the brother of our friend Balie, "she bit Capt. H—— when he was here." I thought I knew the temper of the generous creature better than the Doctor, and she stood close by me, with her head leaned over towards me. I scratched her about the throttle and the root of the ear, and patted her on the cheek, saying to the Doctor, "She looks like a maid in her teens." We opened the door, and she walked out, and lay down and rolled over and bounded away across the lot, like the tread of dominion was in every foot. Thought I, what a paragon of the animal creation! her limbs as clean as a Spanish colt's. And such robustness of shoulder and brisket—and those long thighs that propelled her machinery on every stretch, being pulled hard around the turns.

I also saw at friend Peyton's the Luzborough filly, the Great Western; she is No. I, and if she lives and does well, she will be swift as a pheasant, and continue like a wild pigeon—perhaps. I understand she is sold for $3000.

I have a little facetious story about this good brother of our friend Balie's, who made a little bit of a mistake on a certain occasion, intending to be very polite in his attention to the ladies (for he is a great ladies' man, and a first rate good fellow in any crowd.) He had accompanied his sweetheart to the church, and about the close of the benediction, his fair one getting the start a little, the Doctor, in the hurry of the moment, arose to his feet, and started too. And the story runs, that after a considerable tramp, he found out that he was bare-headed, having left his hat in or near the pew where he sat. The way the boys and young ladies played it off upon him was worse than paying alms—by *kisses*. I have seen as pretty a face as the Doctor's, but never a more honest one. God bless him in the sunny South, and may he never forget the eyrie "in the cedar's top," from whence he has taken his lofty pitch.

I claim for my br. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Ellen Wade, by Stockholder, the name of *Lœna*, and for my ch. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Columbia, by Eclipse, the name of *Florine*. Adieu, brother Porter,

C. OF TENNESSEE.

P.S. I recently saw Janette, the dam of Fordham, and Charlotte Temple, the sister to Gohanna; they are in Eclipse's harem, and both with foal by him. The old horse looks well, and is in good health and spirits. I do not know whether he had heard of the defeat of Mary Wynn, out of Gamma, by Sir Richard; at any rate he seemed to be in fine spirits. C. OF T.

SPORTING EPISTLE FROM WISCONSIN.

MADISON (W. T.), Oct. 22, '39.

Dear Sir,—Having been an attentive reader of the "Spirit" for the last twelve months, I must say to you that I look upon it as the very best paper in the Union. But for its never-failing source of life and nature I could not have got through with the dull tedium of this semi-barbarian land.

With the foregoing preface, I have ventured to give you an epistle from this frontier region. I see from your many letter writers that to be a constant reader of the "Spirit" is sufficient apology for the longest kind of letters. My privilege goes a little beyond the ordinary reader: I have been half subscriber with my brother, Col. W. B. S. We have commenced farming in this country, and likewise the raising of blood horses, blood cattle, and blood hogs. We have twelve brood mares, one by Marshal Duroc, one by old Reality [query, out of?], owned by the late Mr. JOHN C. CRAIG, of L. I., and some fillies by Waxy, some by Aratus, and some by Sumpter. Our first stallion was *Sir Nelson*; we bought him of Col. Y. N. OLIVER; he was accidentally shot by the groom and killed; our present horse is *Ned Burns*, by John Richards, out of Coquette; our mares have all been stinted to him. He was brought to this country by Mr. Anderson, who was for some time the sole manager of Mr. Craig's horses; he is now living with us, and will train for us as soon as our colts are old enough. Our track will be on the spot where that illustrious warrior, Black Hawk, encamped for some time in the war of '32; we will call it the Black Hawk Course; racing will take here to the life.

Send a copy of the "Spirit" to Lieut. M——, at Fort Winnebago, and one to W. B. B——, at Mineral Point; I will be accountable for the punctuality of those gentlemen. The "Spirit," Sir, is the soul of racing; where that circulates a taste must be cultivated for the "fine arts," for surely it is a fine art to make such improvements in the shape and style of those noble quadrupeds.

You say much about angling. Judge I—— and myself have good sport out here, and in one hour have caught forty white perch, or bass, weighing from three to four pounds, with the common line. We reside on the north side of a lake in the interior of the Territory, about eight miles in length, from three to five wide, and from one to five hundred feet in depth; the water is as clear as crystal. We have a mode here of taking fish, when the lake first freezes, that is really novel. We go upon the transparent ice, with moccasins, hatchet and spear in hand, pursue the large fish until they become exhausted, then cut a hole in the ice immediately above them, and then spear them, in water from twelve to fifteen feet deep. In that way three of us have taken in one evening 200 lbs. Pickerel and mushalonge, red foxes and wolves, are very numerous; pheasants, prairie chickens, ducks, and occasionally geese, so that in two years, when our track is open, the devotees of pleasure can be amused in every rational and innocent mode that can be suggested.

Yours very respectfully, G. H. S.

There is said to be a species of snake so venomous in some of the swamps on the Mississippi, that it is told of a negro who struck one with a hoe handle, that the handle swelled so as to burst the eye open! We do not recollect to have seen this fact stated by Capt. Marryatt!

SPORTING EPISTLE FROM "N." OF ARKANSAS.

BATESVILLE, Arks., Nov. 27, 1839.

My Dear P.,—Dont imagine for a moment that I'm complaining of the mails,—not a bit of it. In these times of peril and pressure—of ruin here and distress there, we of the "Arks." are happily located,—we live in blessed ignorance—no mails, unless it be a chance one—of course we do not often hear news. Yet, with all Amos's energy, backed by the most brilliant and people-loving administration that has flourished since the first year of American Independence, we do get a paper now and then. The mail last night, to use a very common but not overly polished expression was "as full as a tick." Among other things two "Spirits," one of the 26th ult., and the other of the 2d inst.

I deeply regret to learn from them that *Monarch* has let down. His spirited owner does not care a farthing for the pecuniary loss he has sustained, but there is a feeling which I know not how to define, coupled with the ownership of a noble horse, that makes the laurels he wins dearer to the owner, than any one, a stranger to such feeling, can imagine. I do not believe there was any thing, the accomplishment of which would have given Col. HAMPTON so much pleasure, as to have seen *Monarch* and *Boston* come together, both fine as silk, and making a fling for fame. In the breeding stud he will be invaluable. Uniting as he does, so very many fashionable hard-bottomed crosses, it will be one of the unaccountable things if he does not get racers of the first order. I prefer him to any untried stallion in America. His color and size are much in his favor.

Passenger is adding additional laurels to his dam *Delphine*.

I see LONG has "spoke the word with the bark on." What will CAMPBELL say? Why I think he will stand up to his fodder. If he does, it will be an awful betting race. Boston can outfoot Wagner a little, but when it comes to bottom, I rather think the boot would be on the other foot. Wagner can run longer than a Seminole Indian can starve, and if that shouldent be long enough why he can stand it a little longer. Old Boston is none of your "give up in a hurry" sort; by the time any thing lives eight miles with him, I reckon they will think "the big stars are falling."

So *Fanny* is turning out another Wagner. How does "Old Nap" manage to get so many good 'uns. Is it a way he has? By-the-bye, I acted the *quadruped* in failing to comply with my promise to visit him. I'll do better next time, but when the next time will come, the lord only knows.

Wonder and *Clarion* are matched. They are horses of as nearly equal speed, One, Two, and Three mile heats, as ever came together. Gil. will, in my opinion, if the condition be equal, win the race. If all is right, you will see tall travelling recorded.

Omega's three mile race is the best on record; better even than Wonder, Argyle, and Master Henry's. Poor old *Argyle*. Is ARTHUR going to run him forever? Is he "experimenting?" or "treading in the footsteps" of "the illustrious" old Walk-in-the-Water? His lot "seems harshly cast;"

"Too few its glimpses of the sky,
Too many of the blast,"

Have mercy on the old horse, Arthur, or he will haunt you when he goes to horse-heaven.

Should Boston and Wagner be matched, I would like to see *The Queen* and *Altorf* matched, Two mile heats, for say about $10,000 aside. It would make a thrilling contest. Old BILLY MAC, thinks her majesty as fast as common old fashioned lightning, while DICK B., who is a mortal good judge of horseflesh, says, that all Kentuck can't catch Fylde's son, Two mile heats. And I tell you, such nags as *Cub* and *Ralph* can't catch, are ugly customers even in the big "norrards."

Bee's-wing has been a winner once more. Speaking of her, reminds me of the strange prejudice some folks have taken up about imported *Leviathan*; and indeed if they were not gentlemen and sensible men, I should think them "wanting in their *upper stories*." Look at his get; examine their winnings from One to Four mile heats; they head the list. They are open, and ever have been, to run against the world. *Never yet have his get shrunk from the contest*, and if they can't beat Wagner, Four mile heats, it is nothing against them. There is but one General Jackson, even counting the humble imitator, and some think there has been just one too many. Abusing Leviathan is like sinning against light and knowledge. Better come to the conclusion Col. MCCARTY did when in speaking of Old Nap, he addressed me much in this style. "Sir, I dont set up my opinions against his, from this time out. I am sick of that game I pledge you my honor. If the best judgment on horse matters, that God ever endowed man with, coupled to forty years experience on the Turf, dont enable him to say how the thing is going, why there is no use, sir, for me to try to name it." Truly yours, N.

A FIRE HUNT WITH PHIL M——E.

Mr. Editor,—I have, for a long time, been a reader of your paper, and have laughed over more than one amusing anecdote of the chase, (my favorite amusement,) as hundreds have doubtless done also, with which the columns of the "Spirit" have been so frequently graced. An article, extracted from one of the Southern journals, contained in the paper of the 21st inst., entitled "My First and Last Fire Hunt," is not the least happy of the anecdotes of the kind above alluded to. The sketches of the "sayings and doings" of "Sam Sikes"—his appearance when "rigged out" for the hunt, with "all his fixins on," is so true to the life, and calls so forcibly to my mind a "character" I once knew, and with whom I have had more "fire hunts" than any one, that, like Jack Downing, I could not help "sniggering right out" when I read it. The whole description, Mr. Editor, is one which even *you* cannot fully enjoy,—nor can any one who has not lived "low down South," and "electioneered" with the "natives" of the "piney woods," to which class Sam evidently belongs. "Look at him" again, Mr. Editor, he will bear close inspection.

The "character," which the reading of this anecdote has brought to my recollection, rejoiced in the name of Philip M——e. He lived not a hundred miles from Mobile, and "followed" when he followed any thing, the respectable and independent calling of a "Shingle Weaver." In order that he might have his work "handy," and to "save time," as Phil used to say, whose whole study was how to "kill time," he usually erected his "camp" on the margin of the swamp from which he extracted large blocks of cypress, sawed into "cuts" of the proper length, which he "wove" into shingles at his leisure. Phil's "camp," or residence, ought, perhaps, to be described. It differed in nothing from many others in the same neighborhood that were inhabited by men engaged in the same "Trade," as Phil used to say, all of whom (the men) were "perfect lords" in their way. But Phil was my "pet" of them all, and to him I will, with your permission, now introduce you in his own castle. Imagine, then, a tall raw-boned figure, very dark complexion—very small black eyes, deeply set in the head, twinkling, in the "dim distance," in their sockets, with the best natured expression in the world—hair very black and curly, looking as tho' the tooth of a comb had never penetrated the dark recesses of his shaggy top-knot. He was naturally round shouldered, and from his long habit of bending constantly over his wooden "horse," he had contracted a prominent "stoop," which gave him the appearance of being much shorter than he was.

For two months preceding the "election" the "shingle weavers" in general, and Phil in particular, disdained any thing like manual labor—he was "a sovereign"—and in a most sovereign-like manner did he feast and quaff "ball-face" at the expense of his servants, taking, all the time, great care, after the most approved fashion of "sovereigns," not to lose his interest with one party by committing himself to the other. But these times, happy and glorious as they were, *would* always have an end, and then poor Phil would reluctantly betake himself to hard work at his "trade," on the margin of the swamp, where he had erected a kind of scaffold, covered at top with "clap-boards." At the sides and ends small sap'lings were placed at an angle of about 45 degrees, upon which the shaggy coats of the Southern pine, taken with the full circumference from the body of the tree, after being first flattened out, were spread so as to exclude the drifting rain. In the centre of this hovel a pile of pine-

knots might always be found in the evening, giving forth a cheerful and lively blaze; "squatted" over which Phil. might usually be seen "parching" coffee for his evening meal—the black smoke curling and circling around his tall gaunt figure, ever and anon entirely enveloping him in its folds, and again suddenly leaving him, as the wind veered and shifted, squatting in the same posture with the backs of each of his hands applied to his ferret-like eyes to shield them from the smoke. But even in this humble "stopping place" Phil. always preserved a certain independence and dignity of character. He knew that "election time" would come again, and although he could not influence a single vote in the county, "he scorned to do it," he nevertheless used to boast that the *side* he voted for always "got it"—"I never *lost* my vote but *onct* in my life," said Phil. to me one day, "and then I was so drunk I couldent make out the name on my ticket—and sober Smith, he tried and he couldent neither" (Phil. did not know a letter of the alphabet). "Well, well, well, but the anecdote you were reminded of," I can hear you impatiently exclaim. Really, my dear Sir, I beg ten thousand pardons. While indulging in these homely reminiscences I had gotten my steam up, and had quite forgotten the object I had in view when I commenced this rambling communication. It was, if I recollect right, to recall an anecdote of a "fire hunt" I once had with Phil. M——e.

This with me has always been a favorite method of hunting, and so that the approach of the "dark nights" in October was looked forward to with peculiar satisfaction—this was particularly the case, I well recollect, in Oct. 1835. Phil., who was frequently my companion in my nocturnal rambles, had for some time observed, in a "black Jackthick," near his camp, three fine "*red* bucks, (Phil. called *all* bucks red,) which he said, "stole out of the swamp every evening to eat "akirns." "One on 'em," he said, "is as blue as if it was christmas, and their horns must be tolerable hard, '*case* they've been *nibing* for two or three weeks." In short, Phil. left me as impatient for the "dark nights'" arrival as he was himself, and exactly three nights after the "change" I rode over to Phil.'s camp, late in the afternoon, to have all in readiness for an early start after dark. Phil. had already provided a "sack of nice little hard white *liter'd* knots"—the best, as all fire hunters know, for the business—these were carefully cut into pieces about two inches long and split—and he had also, after first frying his meat for supper, lashed the pan to the handle and prepared a large pot of coffee—real Southern coffee, as black as night and as clear as amber—I "found gun, powder and shot," and our custom was to divide the game. Phil *preferring* the ribs and four quarters, and I taking the "saddle," *only* to *oblige him*? Hastily drinking a tin cup of coffee, Phil. slung the huge sack of "liter'd" across his shoulders, and "gathered up" the axe and gun. I, after first binding a dark silk handkerchief tightly around my head, then the pan on my left shoulder, and, "accoutred as we were," we plunged into the woods. As the distance was short, *and as Phil. had no horse*, we *concluded* it would be best to *walk*, so we went on foot. "Now, said Phil, after we had gotten fairly under way, "just make for the black Jack ridge on Red Creek, just above old Watley's, and you're bound to shine one on 'em." I did as he directed, and "made off" at a quick pace, closely followed by Phil. with his pack-horse load. On we went, silently but rapidly, I "flashing" the light upon every dark cluster of trees, and looking keenly into their darker shadows, in hopes of "shining a pair of eyes"

As we approached the point of the ridge where we expected to find the game, Phil cautioned me in a low, smothered whisper to "keep my eyes open," a hint I did not neglect. Our pace was now slackened to a slow, cautious walk, and not an object within the range of the light, which was blazing at my back, escaped my eager glance. We had thus proceeded for several minutes, when apparently within forty steps of us I "shined," and such was the intensity of the glare, that the "pair of eyes" looked like two living coals of fire. They were just over a little scrub oak, behind which they had been concealed, which was the reason of their not being sooner seen. I *thought* they were the eyes of a panther, but of course *said* nothing, only motioning back with my hand to give me the gun. Phil cocked it and gave it to me in dead silence. I raised it to my face and fired. Instantly was heard the heavy bound of the game for a spring or two, then all was hushed. "He's got it, by G—d," said Phil, "for you never *hear* the creturs *put out* 'ceptin' they're hit; and he's a golly whopper too." Phil stepped forward to see what damage had been done, while I reloaded, cautioning him all the time to take care. He had never *read* that

"The stag at bay is a dangerous foe."

and yet he *knew* it full well for all that. But in this instance he was thrown entirely off his guard by supposing the "old buck" was certainly dead. He had not gone more than thirty or forty steps before I heard a sudden bound, and the rush of some apparently large object, and presently, as I thought, the heavy all of the same very near where I stood. This was all the work of an instant, and in that instant I had sprung aside almost instinctively (supposing it to be a wounded buck making an attack), and unfortunately fell over an old log that was near, completely extinguishing the blaze, which left us in total darkness. I crawled close under the log for protection against the antlers of the buck, in case the charge should be renewed. Things remained in this situation for more than a minute, during which time not a breath was heard from any quarter. At last, feeling not altogether easy in my cramped position, I ventured to call "Phil"—"Harry," said a deep bass voice, in the direction I knew him to be. "What the d—l *was* that, Phil?" I enquired. "It's a d——d old buck," said he, "and he *butted* me." "Well, where is he now?" I again asked. "Why right by me somewhar', and I'm afeard to git up." "So am I, too, Phil, for I think he's *right by me*," I replied. "No he aint," said Phil; "but never mind, I'll dodge him;" and in the next instant I heard something rolling, bounding, and tumbling down the side of a very steep hill, upon the brink of which we were. Soon all was hushed again, and upon my speaking to Phil, in the same tone as before, I received no reply. Not knowing exactly what to think of this, I elevated my voice a little, and repeated the call. I had hardly done so, when Phil sung out, "Dad rot the varmint, come down here *quick*." "What the d—l *is* the matter, Phil? What are you doing?" "Why, you see I went to *roll* down the hill, to keep the old buck from butting me agin, but, dad fetch him, the minit I started he jumped right into me, and we've had a ground scuffle all the way down, and the blasted critter is right by me somewhar' now—I hear him blowin'." Believing now that the danger was removed from me, I got up from my recumbent posture, and commenced blowing at the sparks of fire left near the pan, and soon succeeded in getting a blaze. I immediately rose to descend the hill to Phil's relief, when upon casting my eye in the direction I had first heard the fall, I saw the old buck within twenty feet of me, sitting upon his haunches like a dog, and looking, I thought, as though he was preparing to spring at me. In an instant the whole charge was in his brains. "Hello," said Phil, "what the nation are you doin'?" "Come up, come up," said I, "he can't butt you now." "Yes but he can, though, and if I get up from behind this chunk, he's bound to do it," said he. "I tell you he is as dead as a herring," said I. Upon this assurance, Phil cautiously left his "chunk," and ascended the hill.

"Well, Phil, what a whopper you told about his butting you, and tumbling over and under you down the hill. You must have been a little frightened, Phil," said I. "Well, I don't know but what I was a *leetle* skeard, but I'll be d——d if he *did'nt* butt me, and tumble down the hill, too, as to the matter of that," said he with great earnestness, "and if you've got one up here, there's two on 'em, for there's one down *there*, sartin." To put the matter at rest, we went down, and after looking in every direction, were satisfied there was no "old buck." Phil ceased to look about, however, long before I did, which I did not observe at the moment, but on accidently casting my eye upon him, I found him standing immovably in his tracks, with his vision directed towards the spot he had occupied at the foot of the hill after his tumble. I went up to him, and there, sure enough, was *not* the "old buck," but a large "chunk" of rotten pine, which he had doubtless dislodged at the commencement of his descent and which had kept him company the whole way down, and which he had mistaken for the furious assault of the old buck in his death struggle. Our eyes met, and he saw at a glance that we both put the same solution upon the mystery. His mortification was so evident, that I could not find it in my heart to laugh at the poor fellow—*aloud*, though I did not the less enjoy his confusion. I could not, however, refrain from asking him a moment after, "if the chunk butted him there?" pointing to a spot of blood which I observed on his pants near the waistband. His only reply was a deprecatory cut of the eye. It was soon discovered, however, that Phil had not been entirely mistaken, for upon examining the "old buck," it was found that his right antler had been broken off close up to the head, and upon going to the spot where Phil had first encountered him, we found it. Phil at once explained all, which his previous confusion had almost caused him to forget. He saw the old buck "make at him," but so quick was his movement, that he had not time to give him a "saving lick" with the axe, but struck an awkward blow almost at random, and luckily for him, struck off his antler; but such was the impetuosity of the attack, and so unerring the aim of the wounded animal, that he planted the side of his head upon which the antler *had been*, full in the stomach of his enemy, which must have proved fatal but for his timely blow. This satisfied us for that night, and we returned home, Phil "packing" the "whole animal."

This is only one of an hundred fine hunts I have had with Phil M——e. I know not whether, upon looking it over, you will consider it worthy of a place in your paper. It can do no harm, however—(for I will take care to pay postage), and it has served to afford me an hour's amusement. Phil, poor fellow, is now no more—his spirit has taken its flight to the happy hunting grounds, and his mortal remains rest quietly near the dark shadows of the cypress—nature's mourners—with nothing but a couple of shingles to mark his last abode.

Alas! poor Phil, the black sod that is heaped upon thy bosom covers as true a heart as ever "wove a shingle," or "skinned an eye." S.

MY RIFLE.

Original—By a Member of the Savannah Rifle Club.

There's joy in the mountains,—
There's joy on the hills,—
There's joy in the vallies,—
There's joy by the rills,—
There's joy in the pasture,
The moorland, the grove,—
But in none can I find
The joy I most love.

'Tis this,—without bustle,
Confusion or noise,
Or *brief preparation*,
Which calmness destroys;
To take up my rifle,—
Clean, rustless and bright;
The lock uncorroded,
Undimmed the *front* sight;
My balls without blemish,—
Most *perfectly* round;
No notch on the surface,
Or scratch ever found;
Good powder,—soft patch-cloth:
A box of *prime* caps;—
And always around me
Some *true rival* chaps!
Some staid, sterling fellows,
Who curse noisy fun;
Or sounds that would stifle
The "crack" of their gun.
A clear day of sunshine;
A faint breathing breeze;
Ourselves only shaded
By two or three trees;—
A level—straight alley,—
On which can be seen,
A natural matting,
Close woven, and green:
The distance selected,
No discord should cause,
For it must be established
By electoral laws:
Various distances practice our skill,
But the majority should govern still!
With *us*—it shall always,—
Because it is sure,
Peace, quiet and order,
To gain and secure.
Of yards *justly* measured,
One hundred, or more;
Ay, even three hundred!
With *suitable* bore;
A target and bulls-eye
Of suitable size;
Black target—by all means!
It pains not the eyes;
The height—from the level,
The centre should be,

Is four feet and something,—
'Tis "all one" to me.
With vision unblemish'd
By cold, or by pain;
That the mark be distinguish'd
Without any strain;
With health in each muscle,
With health in each nerve,
That from my position
I sink not, nor swerve;
No care on my memory,
No fear on my mind;
All thoughts that distemper,
To oblivion consign'd;
Let every word utter'd
Be herald of cheer;
Let only the sighing
Of gladness be there:
The pulse beat be gentle,—
The throb of the breast,
Be soft and as tranquil
As infancy's rest.
When we shall have fired
Some balls,—eight or ten,—
We'll mark where we've *placed* them,
And "try it again;"
And when Time shall admonish
Our sporting must end,
We'll closely examine
How well we contend;
By string will we measure,—
Ay, nice as a hair;
And yield to the victor
The *palm* that is fair.
To finish the picture!!
See, in the cool shade,
A flask of old Cogniac,
Is carefully laid;—
A draught from that fountain,—
Were 't ever so small,
Weak energies fainting,
Can quickly recall;—
The tree tops above it,—
The moist earth below,—
Make cool to the last drop
Its generous flow.
There's joy in the mountains,—
There's joy on the hills,—
There's joy in the vallies,—
There's joy by the rills;
There's joy in the pasture,
The moorland, the grove,—
But in none can I find
The joy I most love.

Leamington, England, July, 1839. RIFLE OF SAVANNAH.

LA GRANGE (Tenn.) FALL RACES.

The races over the *La Grange Association Course* commenced on Monday, 14th Oct. Report:—

MONDAY, Oct. 14, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs, fillies 83lbs. Three subs. $200 each, $75 ft. Two mile heats.

Jernegan & Donelson's ch. c. *Clear the Track*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Stockholder	1 1
Capt. Thomas J. Winston's b. f. *Maria Winston*, by Telegraph, dam by Pacolet	2 2

Time, 3:57—4:04.

Clear the Track took the lead at the start, and maintained it to the close, the filly close up all the way. In the second heat the colt took the track as before, the filly close up at a mile and three quarters; the colt winning the heat in fine style, showing himself to be no mean competitor.

TUESDAY, Oct. 15—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Five subs. at $300 each, $100 ft.

J. Lake's Luzborough	rec'd ft.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 16—Jockey Club Purse $200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

E. Sparks' ch. c. *Peter Soyke*, by Eclipse, dam by Imp. Jack Andrews, 4 yrs	2 1 1
Nat. Perry's b. f. *Sally Sampson*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs	3 2 dr
Capt. T. J. Winston's b. h. *Jack Downing*, by Pacific, dam by Mons. Tonson, 5 y.	1 3 dr

Time, 3:55—4:05.

First Heat.—At the tap of the drum Peter got off first, Sally second; Jack was unmanageable and got a very bad start, some or 30 or 40 feet behind.—Peter drew out clear of Sally on the first turn; Jack still behind; on the back stretch Jack closed up with Peter, and away they went like twin bullets, Peter still leading—they pass the stand in one minute 53 seconds. The struggle was still kept up the second round. Peter still had the inside of the track, but was lapped by Jack on every stretch; both horses doing their best. On the last or east turn Jack, for the first time, was a dead lap. They had now five or six hundred yards to pass over, and a desperate struggle was evidently making for the heat—the darkey that rode Peter had been using his steel to the best advantage almost from the start, now drew his catgut and made free use of both, while Hudson on Jack had a slight pull, now let go, and struck the persuaders to the Major, and brought him to the Post a winner by two feet. Sally a good way behind, and evidently had not run for the heat. The Major was a little more distressed on coming out than his friends could have wished, but cooled off very well. Peter showed he had done his best, but his friends were more sanguine now than they had been, as he did very well between the heats. Betting at the start, two or three to one on Jack against the field, now came down to something like even, though the friends of Jack offered even bets which were not taken. At the sound of the horn, all three made their appearance. At the tap, off they flew; Jack, getting the advantage at the start, took the track, which he kept under a hard pull the first round, and passed the stand about a length ahead. Peter had made several brushes, but could not reach him. Bets were now offered on Jack freely for the heat, but no takers. On making the west turn or semi-circle, Peter made a desperate struggle for the lead, but could not get it, and dropped in the rear and took his pull. On entering the back stretch, he again took up the running, Jack still leading, but closely pressed by Peter. They had now passed over about one mile and a half—Jack struck his left fore tendon with his hind foot, which caused him to falter and give up his stride. He was now quickly passed by Peter and then by Sally. She then took up the running, but could not reach Peter, who won the heat; Sally second—the Major pulled up and was declared distanced. Upon examination, Jack's leg was discovered to be sprung, and he was sent to the stable quite lame. Sally was drawn, and Peter walked the third heat.

THURSDAY, Oct. 17—Jockey Club Purse $300, conditions as before; Three mile heats.

Capt. T. J. Winston's b. c. *Goneaway*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Virginian, 3 yrs	1 1
E. Sparks' b. h. *Bay Middleton*, by Imp Fylde, dam by Potomac, 5 yrs	2 2

Time, 5:55—6:00.

Before starting, the betting was 2 and 3 to 1 on Middleton. At the tap of the drum, Goneaway took the lead easy, which he kept throughout the heat, waiting at the head of each stretch until Middleton lapped, to make him turn round him on every turn or semicircle, and then he would draw out clear of him. On coming to the last stretch, or run home, he brushed off and won easy. The horses both cooled off well for the second heat. At the sound of the horn both horses made their appearance at the post. The betting was now two to one on Goneaway. At the tap of the drum, they got off well. Goneaway took the track and led off some 40 or 50 yards ahead for three quarters of a mile, when George was ordered to drop back and run the heat in the same manner that the first was run, Goneaway running easy, and the knowing ones badly used up for the second time this week—the favorites all beaten.

FRIDAY, Oct. 18—Jockey Club Purse $400, conditions as before; Four mile heats.

E. Sparks' br. c. *Preston*, by Telegraph, out of Olivia's dam, 3 yrs	1 1
Jernegan & Donelson's b. f. *Fanny Jones*, by Telegraph, dam by Topgallant, 3 yrs	2 2

Time, 8:27—8:40.

Before the start, each horse was the favorite with their friends; no odds asked or given. At the signal, they both got off well; Fanny took the track, which she maintained for two miles and three quarters. Preston showed no disposition to pass until they were half way up the back stretch the third time, he was then persuaded a little by Cuffy, who had taken a strong pull upon him from the start, not to wait any longer upon the fair one, as the pace was too slow for him; he quickly passed and won the heat easy.

Fanny seemed somewhat more distressed after the heat than Preston. Bets were now offered that she would be distanced, but her friends soon changed the thing by planking down the real Simon Pure; two to one, however, was offered on Preston for the heat. At the sound of the horn, both horses came to the post, and had recovered much better than their friends expected. The word was at length had, "mount your riders." In an instant bang they are off—Fanny again took the lead, closely followed by Preston. They are at the post, the first time, in 2m, Fanny still leading; the orders to Cuffy, "go on, and take the track,"—"go on, Preston, go on," was the cry, but Fanny is at the post the second time in 2m. 2s., and still leading. The struggle is now severe; on they go, neck and neck; on rounding the west turn, Cuffy seized his horse fast by the head and gave him steel and raw hide freely; he gradually gained upon the beautiful Fanny, and at last gave her the go by as they were entering the back stretch. Quincy, on the filly, now took a strong pull upon her, they pass the third mile, the horse leading. Upon entering on the back stretch, on the fourth mile, Fanny made a desperate push for the lead—it was do, or the heat was won and the race lost. She locked Preston, who seemed to have lost his stride. Look! look! was the cry—she has passed him!—They rounded the last or east turn, Fanny leading upon entering the last quarter stretch; the cold metal was freely applied to both, and at the same time whip hands were at work. About half way down the stretch, the horse passed in front; the filly, however, did not give up the struggle, but answered to the persuaders which Quincy freely applied. On they come—every one was almost breathless with anxiety; in one moment more the shout is heard from the crowd, a dead heat. The Judges decide the horse had won by a throat-latch. The track is a full mile, and during the races was hard and covered with dust, and in bad order to make quick time.

SATURDAY, Oct. 19—Proprietor's Purse $200, conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Jernegan & Donelson's ch. c. *Clear the Track*, pedigree above, 3 yrs	1 4 0 1 1
Capt. T. J. Winston's b. f. *Maria Winston*, pedigree above, 3 yrs	4 1 0 2 2
N. Barry's b. f. *Sally Sampson*, pedigree above, 4 yrs	5 2 0 dist.
Wm. J. Bedsoe's ch. p. *Wild Irishman*, by Peacock, dam unknown	2 3 dr.
M. W. Edwards' b. f. *Burnt Nose*, by Atlantic, 4 yrs	3 dist.

Time, 1:52—1:57—1:59—2:05—2:00.

Clear the Track was hard to start, being an ill-tempered colt, he had to be started behind. At the signal, they got off well, except the Luzboro, who was started behind. They raised such a cloud of dust that I could not see them until making the east turn. Irishman was leading, Luzboro close up, the others were a good way behind, and all together; on entering the quarter stretch a push was made by the Luzboro for the heat, and a beautiful struggle between him and the Pony, Luzboro winning by a neck, in 1m. 52s.

2d heat—All came to the Post, and at the tap all got off well but the Luzboro, who started badly. Sally and the Pony now cut out the running for the heat, but on the last turn Maria was ordered to take the heat, which she did with ease, in 1m. 57s., but none less.

At sound of the horn, three horses came to the post. The order "mount your riders" was given—they are up and off before the word is given. The heat was contested throughout by Maria; Sally nowhere. Time, 1m. 59s.—The Judges decided that it was no heat, as the word was not given.

The horses were allowed the usual time for respiration. The call was again made; they are off, a very good start: the Luzboro took the track as before, closely followed by Maria throughout, winning the heat in 2m. 5s. Sally distanced.

At the usual time they were again called—two came to the post. They got off well; the horse again took the lead and won, after a sharp contest by Maria, in 2m.

Thus ended our week's sport, which I would have published before now, but a press of other business has prevented me. A. G. BARRETT, Sec.

ROCHESTER (N. Y.) FALL RACES.

NEW YORK, Dec. 20, 1839.

Friend P.—Having seen no report in the "Spirit" of the races which came off on the 28th and 29th Nov., at the *Phœnix Course*, Rochester, N. Y., and thinking them worthy of at least a passing notice, I take the liberty of saying a word with regard to them, as I was present, and witnessed some of the best racing ever known in the western part of the "Empire State." There were a large number of horses in attendance, a larger number, I was told, than ever were gathered together at this course at any one time before; and amongst the crowd were some "clippers."

The sport commenced in the morning with a stake purse, best three in five, for which three horses were entered—*Shepherdess*, *Young Piper*, and *Culpepper*. The Shepherdess was from Long Island, and was the favorite at odds, as it was known that the Piper colt was not in order. The first three heats were taken by the mare. The second heat was run in 1:59.

In the afternoon a Trotting match, three mile heats, came off between J. R. Parker's gr. h. *Osceola* and B. M. Baker's mare. The first heat was pronounced a dead heat; the last two were taken by the horse. I do not remember the time, although I believe it was very good.

Second day, in the morning, two miles and repeat was the order. Three horses were entered—*Reindeer*, *Piper*, and *Orphan Boy*. Reindeer never looked finer, and his spirited owner was never more sanguine of his cutting out the work in a way that would "tell." He was not deceived, as the gallant horse took the first two heats with ease. Soon after the race, he was sold to a gentleman of Rochester; the price of him I did not learn.

In the afternoon the three mile purse was run for by *Champaigne* and *Culpepper*. No betting, as it was known that the latter horse was merely entered to make a race. Champaigne galloped around, and took the first two heats, without being made to run for them.—I am told that he makes much better time than when on the Island, and that he is to try his fortunes here once more.

Yours, M.

HUNTING ADVENTURES IN THE SUSQUEHANNA:

OR THE COCKNEY SPORTSMAN'S FIRST DEER HUNT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AMERICAN LIONS."

Before I proceed to relate the adventures alluded to in this paper, I will avail myself of the opportunity of reminding the reader, that notwithstanding John Bull's unobtrusive character, he is ever in the habit of considering himself a sort of superior being to every body else, and consequently would think it a degradation to be twin-brother to the Queen of the Celestial Empire, or grandfather to the whole race of Great Moguls, although the fact is that he has blood connexions in both hemispheres, which, for the life of him, he cannot shake off, although in his heart he may sincerely despise them. It is indisputably true that he does allow himself *par courtesy* to be styled *cousin* by certain Germans, otherwise cousins German; and, something more in joke than in earnest, he pleases to address a certain party on the other side the Atlantic by the title of "brother Jonathan," although it is generally supposed that no great depth of fraternal feeling exists between the parties. But however lightly some of us "Britishers," as Mrs. Trollope says the Americans call us, may esteem the *Yankees* (disclaiming all disrespect in the application of the term), it is abundantly clear that there are individuals amongst us who have pretty considerable close connexion with that country, and not much to their disadvantage. I mention this more particularly, because the individual I shall presently introduce, and who figured in the "Adventure on the Susquehanna," was the son of an eminent and wealthy English merchant that had married an American lady, and by whom the family now inherits a very extensive property in that country, consisting principally of lands. Indeed, this lady and her sister (who by-the-bye married her sister's husband) were heirs to three-fifths of 2,000,000 acres of lands (there being a brother who inherited two-fifths), besides other property of considerable value; so that these English *Brothers* may be considered as having formed a very close alliance both with Brother Jonathan's people and their country.

About the year 182–, the oldest son of one of those alliances set out upon his American travels. Whether he proposed making "the grand tour of the States," or only to visit such parts of Brother Jonathan's country as contained extensive tracts of land belonging to the family in right of his mother, I am not prepared to say; but I believe that I may safely take upon me to state, that during his travels in quest of adventures in that country, he neither made the "grand plunge," as the descent of the Falls of Niagara is called, nor took a trip across the Rocky Mountains, as did Lewis and Clarke, to get a peep at the Pacific. What his pecise views were in visiting his mother's native country I was never able clearly to comprehend; for when I first had the honor of an introduction to him, at the house of a friend of mine in the back-woods, I thought that I never had met with any one less at home, nor more out of his proper element. His first bow was formal and studied as if he had been saluting one of the Dowager Patronesses at Almack's and completely thrown away upon us back-woods' settlers. However, upon his learning that I was something of a sportsman, although metamorphosed into an American hunter, and that I knew most parts of England tolerably well, and a little of London too, he condescended to descend several degrees from his wonted dignity, and spoke to me in a somewhat familiar manner. I soon discovered that it was his ambition, on his return to London, to be able to state that he had not only taken an active part in fieldsports of the country—if pursuing the wild animals in the woods can be called such—but to prove by his collection of "specimens" of birds and beasts, that his success had been complete. He explained that he had not *yet* procured either a wild buck or a black bear, both of which he understood were rather abundant in our neighborhood; he therefore should be very happy to embrace the opportunity of adding a specimen of each to his yet rather imperfect collection; and since the adjoining lands along the Susquehanna river formed part of his late grandfather's estate, he should like particularly to hunt them there.

After spending a couple of days at my friend's residence, it was arranged that on the day following I should get two or three regular backwoods hunters to turn out and range the river-hills, who, with the assistance of a couple of dogs, would have little difficulty in making a deer or two seek safety in the waters of the broad and noble river, where our cockney sportsman was to use his own pleasure in destroying them. For this purpose I procured a convenient boat, and depositing our hero in the bow, and acting as cockswain myself, with two athletic fellows to handle the oars, we patiently awaited, in the cool and quiet shade of a spreading button-wood tree, the moment that some "doomed deer" should plunge into the liquid element,

"Flying from danger but to certain death!"

We had remained about half an hour in our position, our hero shewing evident symptoms of impatience, when we heard the cry of the hunters' dogs in the woods far above us, from which I felt assured that they were upon the track of a deer. and I trusted that when it made its appearance, it would prove one of the right sort. Our Londoner now became exceedingly excited; for, from some cause or other, probably the best known to himself, his nerves were in such an unhinged condition, that, without any exciting cause, he could scarcely lift a glass of wine to his head; and as for a cup of coffee at the breakfast-table, the conveying it to his mouth was all but a hopeless effort. It was therefore highly probable that a person thus afflicted would not be much of a marksman with a rifle; but having my own "kill-deer" with me in the boat, I made up my mind that the first deer that took to the water should never return to shore alive. After a further delay of fifteen or twenty minutes, we perceived, at the distance of about three hundred yards, a fine large buck, with a pair of noble antlers, dash boldly into the water from the lofty bank of the river, and make towards the centre of the broad sheet of water as the place of the greatest security.

It was now time that we should be on the alert; so, weighing our anchor, we made our way, not directly towards the deer, but rather between it and the opposite shore, so that, should it attempt to effect a landing there when it found us in chase of it, we might be able to intercept it. But the creature appeared to have no desire to cross the river, for it continued to breast its way gallantly near the middle of the stream, and, by smart pulling, we gained pretty fast upon it. I then gave our little craft a direction more immediately towards the buck, and intimated to the trembling sportsman to be ready to fire on the moment the boat became steady, at the same time desiring the rowers to lay upon their oars. I thought I would try the young gentleman's sporting abilities at a moderate distance—say from fifty to sixty yards—for he ventured to boast of his prowess as a rifleman; and as the fine buck floated along, with half of his large carcase above the surface, there was an excellent mark for him even at that distance. While he was taking aim—for he did it very deliberately—I could see that the muzzle of the rifle was moving in every possible direction, varying several inches from the direct line of the object. At last he fired, and the rowers declared to me afterwards, that the muzzle of the piece was so much elevated at the moment that he missed the whole river; and the hunters in the woods, who were nearly in the direction of the deer, maintained that they distinctly heard the hissing whistle of the rifle-ball among the branches of the forest-trees that grew on the side of the mountain two or three hundred feet above the level of the river. Be that as it may, the buck did not take the trouble to notice this first attempt of the cockney sportsman, but continued to swim right a-head, and against the gentle current of the stream. The sportsman attempted some weak apology for his having failed in so favorable an opportunity, but I told him to make himself perfectly easy in the matter, as there was no fear of our capturing the wished-for prize.

Having re-loaded his beautiful piece—and it was certainly one of the most splendid ever made in London—I ordered the rowers to "give way," and in a very few minutes we were within twenty-five or thirty yards of our game, which, by our near approach, I saw was getting somewhat alarmed. I beckoned to our hero to prepare for action, when, if it were possible, the muzzle of the elevated piece made more remarkable movements than before: and although I could scarcely refrain from laughing outright, on a little reflection I could not help feeling some degree of pity for the condition to which early dissipation had reduced this young and wealthy commoner. Again he fired, and this time there could not be two opinions respecting what became of the bullet, for, after striking the water at the distance of twelve or fifteen yards, it rebounded and passed about the same number of feet to the right of the buck, and then again struck the water several times in the upper part of the broad pool. Again he attempted some excuses for his missing the buck, one of which was about the attractive power of the water being exceedingly great to all heavy bodies, particularly lead, respecting which he declared he had read many curious accounts. As I saw that our Yankee waterman were very much inclined to smile somewhat incredulously at my countryman's observations, I attempted to look serious, which I found no very easy matter. Well, our game was still within our reach, for the poor timid animal still continued its course about mid-channel of the river. I would have handed him my own "kill-deer," thinking that he might possibly use it with greater success in his next attempt; but he preferred my re-loading his own "carved and gilded" rifle, in order, as I supposed, that he might have the pleasure of stating to his brother cockneys on his return, that it was with his own rifle that he achieved so many wonderful exploits.

The American hunters prefer firing from a "rest," whenever they can avail themselves of one; so that, when two hunters are in company, one of them frequently rests his rifle upon the other's shoulder. I therefore proposed to the rowers the plan of my taking one of the oars, while the relieved oarsman should place himself in a favorable position for acting as a "rest" to the rifle of the young sportsman. I soon perceived, however, that neither of them was inclined to fall in with my views; and, in fact, they both openly declined to accommodations for the gentleman's rifle." I accordingly told them to attend to their oars, and, handing the re-loaded piece to its owner, I begged that he would not think of firing again until I made a signal for his doing so. In the meantime I perceived that he was going to act upon a new plan; for he contrived, by seating himself cross-legged on the floor of the little craft, and bringing his head as low as possible and forward at the same time, to bring his eye pretty much to the level of the boat's gunwale, upon which he rested the muzzle of his rifle. I thought it was now all over with the doomed victim, and, lest I should not give the word "fire" at the lucky moment, I requested him to use his own discretion, and fire when his piece fairly covered the mark. When within about twenty feet of it, crack went his gun, and whiz went the bullet over the head of the deer, but evidently not very far above it, for it dodged its head so low that its nose dipped in the water. Our hero seemed greatly nonplused at this continued want of success; but in a few seconds he commenced some strange and new explanation or apology. However, I thought it better to interrupt him before he had got very deeply involved in some ridiculous jargon about undulatory motions of boats acting upon the rotatory movements of rifle-balls; so I directly handed him my own faithful and murderous "kill-deer," and told him to be prepared to fire the instant I brought our boat's head right opposite to the deer; then keeping away a little to the right, until we were fully up with our game, I suddenly put the helm hard down, and in a few seconds we were in a very fair way to run directly over the poor panting creature. At the very instant the boat's bows were about to strike it, and when the muzzle of the piece could not be more than a couple of feet from his victim, crack went old "kill-deer," and one of the finest bucks that ever roamed the forests on the Susquehanna mountains had breathed its last, for the rifle-ball had passed directly through its heart.

Probably this was one of the most marvellous feats ever achieved by a cockney sportsman in the wilds of America. After examining our prize in order to ascertain that it was quite dead, one of our oarsmen attached it to the stern of our boat with a small cord, by which we towed it until we reached the landing at a solitary ferry-house at the distance of a mile from the scene of slaughter. The carcase was then dragged ashore, which, with a ten-dollar bill, was given to the Yankee hunters for their trouble; but the antlers were claimed by the redoubted London sportsman, the only part of the buck, that, he said, he wished to take, which shortly after he deposited in his collection of "specimens" of his own procuring: and probably at this present day—for I know it was the case but a few years ago—they are paraded with all due "honor and effect" whenever the shooting abilities of a certain Mr. B–r–ng are called in question.

My Yankee neighbors who took a part on this memorable occasion used frequently to refer to this "considerable curious hunting scrape;" and when any one happened to shoot worse than ordinary, the common expression was, "I guess he don't shoot quite so bad as the young Londoner who came all the way to the Susquehanna hills to shoot a pair of buck's horns!"

Sporting Magazine.

CONDITION OF HACKS, CLIPPING, &c.

Whatever purposes the horse may be required for, unless he is in condition he is of very little value: however well he may be bred, however quick he may be in his paces, safe in his action, well broken and pleasant to ride, he will lose his speed, his safety, and, with these failings, that willing disposition generally denominated being "pleasant to ride," if he is wanting in the *sine qua non*—CONDITION. Many casual observers may fancy that if the animal is tired he is equally unpleasant to ride whether he be in condition or not; but this is not the case: a well-bred hack—and nobody dreams of riding one which is not so in these days of galloping and steam—if in condition, will go to the last with a degree of alacrity and pleasure to himself and to his rider which he cannot do if over-fat, or if he is weak and emaciated.

In my application of the word *condition*, I do not mean to express by it that the animal is to be overloaded with flesh—an indispensable qualification with many persons, especially in the great metropolis, where you cannot dispose of your quadruped if desirous to do so unless he be as fat as a Smithfield ox. It may be set down as an unexceptionable fact, that he cannot work in that state, he may look the more handsome to parade in the park or the streets of town: and, if that be the only purpose for which he is required, by all means the fatter he is the better. But this is not the service for which the animal which I am about to notice is wanted: his occupations will be very different; he is employed in carrying hismaster to covert in the winter, and, on intermediate days, in performing such journeys as pleasure or business may require. Whilst the race-horse during the winter season is allowed many indulgences which cannot be ceded to him in the summer; and the summor's rest affords the hunter a relaxation from actual work, which his great exertions during the winter season claim as a prorogation for him; the services of the hack are in constant requisition—he may be said never to be at rest. It follows that his condition ought to be attended to, in order that he may be enabled to perform his task; and there is no earthly reason why he should not be attended to with systematic care. Many men complain that they cannot procure good hacks, and that they cannot get them to stand their work for any length of time: this arises from want of condition and proper attention.

Preferring the independence of riding on horseback to the restrictions of a stage-coach, I have always had in my possession a hack to carry me from one part of the country to another; and even when journeys of one hundred and fifty or two hundred miles have been before me, I have usually performed them on horseback. Now that the railroads have in so many parts superseded the coaches, and as they appear to be increasing in their innovations, it will be more than ever important to possess a good hack. To me the locomotive steam-engine is the greatest abomination: on the railway you are conveyed from one place to another like a prisoner; you are scarcely allowed to think for yourself: the Directors, in their bountiful kindness, having preceded you by their "better judgment," and have formed a code of laws for your observance and their interest to be in force from the moment of your entering their establishment to that of your leaving it. Their restrictions can surely never be by choice submitted to by an Englishman possessing his health, the use of his limbs, and a good hack, more especially by those who come under the denomination of Sportsmen.

Without offering a dry and uninteresting detail of the requisite course to be adopted to get a hack into condition—a subject which has already been very ably dilated upon by former correspondents in this work, and which every man having an ordinary knowledge of horses ought to be conversant with—I shall not pass over a few remarks which, with most persons, are neglected in the treatment of their hacks.

It very frequently happens that a person, when he has purchased a hack, finds that he is wofully out of condition; but not being willing to afford time for that great desideratum to be accomplished, he puts him to work, thoughtlessly observing he is *but* a hack, and whenever his services are required they must be brought forth. By this treatment the poor brute never becomes fit: he is overdone, and will not feed; he is in that state called upon to perform what his powers are unequal to, and he is condemned as worthless, dejected, weak, and ill: he is again disposed of, or continues to be used with cruelty, because he is considered of no value: and this I am sorry to remark is too frequently the case.

When a hack is once got into condition, a moderate share of attention will keep him so. It will, however, be as well to make myself clearly understood how I mean the term to be applied. He should be free from superfluous fat very full of muscle, and his body neither distended to excess, nor drawn as fine, as if he were going to race. All animals to undergo laborious exertion must be rather light than otherwise: plethora is incompatible with activity. I would rather have my hack looking what may be termed too light than too lusty, providing he is full of *good keep* and in *strong work*. If a horse is in strong work he will seldom be too fat. Mr. R. Tattersall, Jun. made a remark to me some time since, which, although it was merely a casual observation, I consider was rather complimentary as regarded the general condition of my horses. I was riding a little thorough-bred mare, which I had been using as my hack for some time, when he observed, "Why, your horses always look as if they were in training." Accustomed as he is to seeing so many horses made up for sale, and the generality of London horses so overfull of flesh, a hack in the trim that I always desire to have mine would doubtless appear to him almost in racing condition.

Although I am aware that I shall have to encounter a host of objectors, especially amongst those of the Old School, I am decidedly in favor of keeping hacks *warm*. It is obvious to every one in the least degree acquainted with the habits and constitution of the horse, that he looks best and is in the most healthy state in warm weather, consequently he can then perform the most labor: not, let me explain myself, that I would select one of the hottest days in summer as the day of all others to perform a long journey; but I would, if possible, have a moderately warm day, preceded by days of equal temperature, if our changeable climate would permit me, upon the principle that the animal's health would in all probability be at its best.

The nearer we follow Nature in the treatment of animals the better; and I contend that keeping horses in cold and exposed situations is a violation of the laws of Nature. The blood-horse originally came from Eastern climates, where the temperature is dry and warm; and although he is to a certain extent naturalized to this climate, there can be no doubt the nearer the temperature may be to that of his primitive soil the better will his health be.

The vine, it is true, will grow and produce grapes in the open air in this country, but not in that abundance, size, quality, or flavor as it does in warmer climates, or when protected by the shelter of a hot-house. Those who object to having their hacks kept warm argue that at times they are inevitably exposed to a cold stable, and that such a change will be productive of catarrh, inflammation, and various other diseases. This is an evil not so frequently to be encountered as formerly: stables are more comfortably constructed than they used to be; and if a dinner invitation or other social visit exposes the hack to a temporary asylum in a cold stable, a rug or two, or even a blanket, can surely be found to keep him warm whilst his master enjoys himself at the festive board. Indeed, if no *envelopement* can be procured, I am convinced the animal will not be so susceptible of cold, although accustomed to warmth at home, as he will be if kept too cool, and for this reason—he will be finer in his coat, and from the beneficial result of condition, he will be dry; whereas a horse with a long coat, and out of condition, has a garment lik a wet blanket, with a languid circulation, insufficient to create that evaporation necessary to render the horse dry, and the perspiration will be seen hanging to the point of almost every hair on his body.

For this reason the operation of CLIPPING, unless a horse possesses a short and fine coat during the winter season, never ought to be neglected, for there is no description of horses to whom it is, generally speaking, more essential than for hacks. I can speak of its advantages from experience, and will relate one or two circumstances which came under my own observation.

Several years since a pony mare, which I rode as hack, was in the winter invariably afflicted with a cough: she had an exceedingly long coat, which did not dry after work for several hours: the fashion of clipping being introduced, I had that operation performed, and I was no longer teazed by the cough: she would dry in a very short time, and most unquestionably stood her work better than before. She was used for thirteen successive years, and is now living, at the age of twenty-two, although not in my possession; but this is pretty good evidence that her constitution was not injured.

The most convincing proof of horses not being so subject to take cold as many persons imagine, is evidenced by an event which happened to me last winter. I had had my hack clipped, and only three days afterwards, returning home across a large park about six o'clock of one of the darkest evenings I ever encountered, I got out of the road amongst some trees, the branches of which pulled me off, and my horse got away from me. It was a very cold frosty night in December, and, being unable to catch the mare, she remained out all night. Although accustomed to a warm stable, she took no cold whatever—a trifling inflammation of the trachea, arising from the inspiration of the cold and foggy atmosphere, being the only ill effects she received, and which was removed in a few days by the application of a stimulating liniment to the part affected. It was unquestionably owing to her having been clipped that she escaped so easily; her coat was dry, which it would not have been but for that operation. A horse encompassed by a volume of perspiration with which a long coat is saturated is like a man with wet clothes on, and the situation of both is dangerous.

It is not merely the fact of a clipped horse being so much sooner dressed on his return home, and the saving of labor to the strapper, as well as the increased period which he thereby obtains for rest, but he can do his work so much more easily to himself, because he does not sweat so profusely. No one would think of riding a hack in a full suit of clothing: a long coat has much the same effect, with this disadvantage, that you cannot slip it off when his day's work is over, and the sweat must be suffered to dry upon him.

The practice of *singeing* has its advocates, but it is not so effectual as clipping: it does not eradicate a thick woolly coat, which is the worst of any, as it retains the moisture so long: the operation, too, is troublesome, and requires frequent repetition; whereas a horse clipped in November needs no more trouble.

Various opinions exist as to the best division of the stages which a horse should be ridden or driven when performing a long journey. This must in some degree be regulated by his condition. If he is fit to go, with a journey of a hundred and fifty miles to perform, and three days to do it in, I should divide the distances into twenty-five miles each, or as near as the accommodation on the road would permit, starting, especially in the summer time, early in the morning, and performing the first twenty-five miles before breakfast. This enables you to have your horse well dressed, and to afford him three or four hours rest; and if he will eat two quarterns of oats, and a quartern of beans (which should be divided into two feeds), he will not take much harm. A moderate quantity of water must be given; at the same time it must be observed, that too much will cause most horses to scour, and likewise to sweat more profusely; therefore the less he has in reason the better till his day's work is completed, when he should have as much as he is inclined to take. Gruel is an excellent thing, but it is not readily procured, properly made, on the road: it should invariably be boiled, and I prefer it made with wheat flour, as it remains longer on the stomach, and is less relaxing than when made with oatmeal. The usual method of preparing what they call gruel at inns is to mix oatmeal with warm water, in which state it is decidedly bad: its emollient quality is produced by boiling, and if I cannot procure it in that state, I prefer water.

A lock of dry hay should be presented to the horse when he enters the stable. I recommend it dry for this reason. If it is made wet, a custom with some persons, the horse gives it two or three twists with his teeth, and, finding it sufficiently moist to be swallowed, he bolts it, and it passes into the stomach like a little wisp; but if dry, he is compelled to masticate it, the action of which produces a discharge of saliva which cleanses the mouth much more effectually. For the same reason, the corn should never be made wet: a few go-downs of water given at intervals if the horse appears to refuse his corn from thirst, is a much better practice. The great secret in making a hack perform long journies is not to ride or drive him too fast, especially at first starting, as it causes him to sweat profusely, which renders him faint; and when he arrives at the stable he refuses his corn. A race-horse is seldom called upon to take a four or five mile gallop oftener than once in six or seven days, and a hack is frequently required to perform that distance at a good smart pace every day. There is certainly this difference that the race-horse is usually worked with clothes on, which the hack is not; but hacks are very frequently compelled to go a distance of five or six miles at a pace which to them is nearly as severe as the pace at which many trainers sweat their horses is to the race-horse.

Some attention should also be paid to the quantity of hay given to the horse previously to his being worked: this should be regulated by the distance and pace which he will be required to go. All these little things may appear unimportant, but they are essential to the animal's conditions, and in fact to the comfort and interest of the rider. If a short and fast journey, such as going to covert, should be kept rather short of hay over-night; but if a long journey is to be taken at a slow pace during the first five or six miles, a more liberal allowance will be beneficial.

Washing the legs and feet should never be neglected; and the gravel or sand should be carefully extracted from between the sole of the foot and the shoe whenever the horse stops to be fed. The pressure which it occasions, if suffered to accumulate, is exceedingly painful. Unless a hack has been ridden very fast, I prefer cold water to wash his legs and feet, as the bracing effect is very salutary. I know that some persons object to it on the supposition that it produces rheumatism; but when a horse comes in from a journey in the winter his legs are generally as wet as they well can be, independently of which they are covered with mud and dirt; and often washing them, if circumstances will not allow of their being perfectly dried by the rubber, they will at all events become dry sooner than if an accumulation of dirt be suffered to remain on the limb. As a matter of course I would prefer their being rubbed dry, but at inns you cannot always get it done. The use of the sponge to the nostrils, and such parts as are usually cleansed by that apparatus, adds much to the comfort of the animal and should always be attended to when he comes into the stable.

The practice of stopping the feet with clay and cow-dung is now pretty much out of fashion. To most feet I am convinced that it is highly injurious; it rots the frog, and renders the sole too soft; the consequence of which is, if a horse happen to put his foot upon a stone, down he comes. Damp tow is unquestionably the best material, and a pad made with it will last a long time with care. This kind of stopping, however, should not be used too often, and, generally speaking, is more necessary after a journey than before it. As to its cooling effects upon the foot, it has very little influence: if such a remedy is required, it must be applied in a greater bulk than the capacity of the foot will contain, and must be applied externally if heat in the foot indicates internal inflammation: for this purpose wet pads made of strong linen tied round the hoof appear to be the best applications. Tar and grease, or tar and treacle, are excellent compositions, and such as most hacks require to keep their feet in good order. To such horses as have bad frogs, a melted application, and two or three times a-week, with a pad of tow sufficiently thick at the heel to produce pressure, is generally found serviceable, and will in time cure thrushes.

With the most decided objection to green food *alone* for anything in the shape of horse-flesh (brood mares and foals excepted,) I invariably give a moderate portion in the summer mixed with hay, and I find the best effects from doing so: it has a cooling operation, and the hay prevents it passing through the bowels too rapidly. It is necessary to have the hay and the green food very well mixed, or the horse will select the latter and leave the hay. It is scarcely necessary to add, that I never think of turning a horse out to grass under any circumstances.

London Old Sporting Magazine.

On the death of Major Laing, the enterprizing traveller in Africa, the Africans took an inventory of his effects with a view to sending them to the British Admiral. They were sorely puzzled to make out the catalogue, and in utter despair, described a couple of tooth brushes as, "*Two scrapers made of pig's hair,*" and set down his spectacles as, "*Two looking-glasses* for the nose."

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

AUGUSTA, Ga. - - - - Lafayette Course, J. C. Meeting, 27th Jan.
" " Hampton Course, J. C Meeting, 13th Jan.
MOBILE, Ala. - - - - Bascombe Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 10th March.
MARIANNA, Fla. - - - Jockey Club Annual Meeting, 1st Tuesday in Feb. next.
RALEIGH, N. C. - - Spring Meeting, 4th Tuesday in April next.
TALLAHASSEE, Fla. - Jockey Club Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 8th Jan.
TUSCUMBIA, Ala. - - Franklin Co. Course, Spring Meeting, 1st week in May next.
WASHINGTON, D. C. - Washington Course, Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday in May next.
WAYNESBORO', N.C. Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday in April next.

Stallions for 1840.

☞ *Notices like the following (never exceeding two lines) will be inserted during the season for Five dollars. To those gentlemen who advertise their horses in detail (to the amount of Twenty dollars) in this paper, no charge will be made.*

ARGYLE, by Monsieur Tonson, out of Thistle by Ogle's Oscar, at Wm. Smith's plantation, Laurens District, S. C., at $50.

AUTOCRAT, *Imported*, by Grand Duke, out of Olivetta by Sir Oliver, at Clarksville, Tenn., limited to 55 mares at $60 and $70. Address James McClure & Co.

IBRAHIM PACHA, *Imported*, of the pure Bedouin Arab stock, at J. G. Smith's Solitude Farm, 4 m. south of Cheek's Cross Roads, Jefferson Co., East Tenn., at $50 to insure.

MONARCH, *Imported*, by Priam, out of Delphine by Whisker, at Col. Wade Hampton's Woodland's Estate, near Columbia, S.C., under direction of Wm. A. Stewart, at $100.

SHERIFF PACHA, *Imported*, of the pure Syrian Arab stock, at J. G. Smith's Solitude Farm, 4 m. south of Cheek's Cross Roads, Jefferson Co., East Tenn., at $75 to insure.

COUNTY COURT OF REQUESTS.

VITECHAPPEL WITTLES.—Among the lower class of suitors here, it is sometimes surprising to witness the pertinacity and adroitness with which some contrive to boister up a rotten case. Like the schoolmaster in the "Deserted Village"—

"Even though vanquished they will argue still."

An illustration of this, to some extent, occurred during the progress of a case, in which a slaughterman, in Cow-cross, claimed from a carcase butcher the sum of 12s. 6d., being the market value of fifty odd ponds of *yellow* bull beef.

The slaughterman, as the evidence proved, had a carcase for sale, concerning which a doubt existed as to the precise mode of its conversion into beef. The doubt was whether it had been legitimately slaughtered, or whether it had died of some sort of disease; and the evidence, *pro* and *con*, was so equally balanced, that like *Sir Roger de Coverley's* converted portrait, much might be said on both sides.

The slaughterman averred that three persons, one of whom was the defendant, bought a portion of the beef at 3d. per lb. The beef was weighed and delivered to the buyers, but when the defendant was called upon for the cash, he denied having received the beef: and he refused to pay the amount, a summons from this court was issued against him.

Mr. Sergeant Heath: Why do you refuse to pay?

Defendant: Cause he axed me for all the walue, ven he knows as three on us vere in it, and I'm only liable for a third, and even not that ere, for some von come to his slaughter 'us, and unbeknown "boned" the beef; so ven ve comes a Sunday morning to cut it up, and take avay our shares of the meat, it had waperated, and there warnt nothing not for none of us.

Slaughterman: All as hever I can say to that ere is, 'at some von fetched avay the meat arter I'd delivered it into your possession.

Defendant: Never had no *legal* possession of it.

Slaughterman: Vy, you vent to scale, and hanged it up over the gas light with the "gam."

Defendant: Make him take his hoath to that ere, 'cause he says I hanged it up with the "gam," ven I've a vitness in court who'll prove as I only used the "long arm."

Mr. Sergeant Heath: Pray what is the difference between a "gam" and a "long arm!"

Defendant: Vy, a "gam" is a short double hook vot you hangs "ship" and sitch small hanimals on; and a "long arm" is a pole vot you hangs breastesses up with. Now, I used the "long arm;" consekevently the meat vornt never in my *legal* possession.

Mr. Sergeant Heath: Why, you admit that you hung it up with the "long arm."

Defendant: Yes, but I'd got no calls to *touch* the meat ven I'd the "long arm;" but if I used the "gam," I could'nt avoid touching it.

Mr. Sergeant Heath: Oh, now I understand. You conceive that you must *touch* an article before you can have legal possession. Your law won't do.

Defendant: Vell, 'spose the court overrules that 'ere, I've got several more pints to argufy. First, I only bought a *part* of the meat, and so I can't be liable for *all* on it.

Mr. Sergeant Heath: The law of partnership is this—if three persons buy an article jointly, each is liable for the whole.

Defendant: Then it's a werry rum *hubus corpus* law! Now, put this here—'spose as I bought von horse out of a team, and another man bought another, and another another. Vell; two valks off vithout paying, am I liable for all the team?

Mr. Sergeant Heath: That is a very different affair from buying a piece of meat in copartnership.

Defendant: I bows to the court. Now your lordships heard that 'at the meat vos taken avay by somebody that nobody never know'd. 'Spose now, your lordship, as I vos to buy a horse, and the owner on it puts it in his stable till I brings the tin. Vell, ven I gets back ve finds the stable busted open and the horse *nibbled*. Am I legally liable for the walue?"

Mr. Sergeant Heath: Certainly not.

Defendant: Then I aint liable for this ere, 'cause, even admitting (vich I don't) as I vent to scale and hang'd up the joint vith the long arm vithout never touching it; yet I hangs it up in a part of his own slaughter 'us, and some von cuts his lucky vith it. So you see it's a case in pint.

Mr. Sergeant Heath: No, you leave out one material ingredient. The meat was delivered to you, and there the plaintiff's responsibility ceases.

A juror: Was this *yellow* beef intended to be sold for food?

The slaughterman pretended to be busied in smoothing the nap of his *leather* hat.

The butcher, after a little hesitation, said—"Vy, the truth on it is wot ve calls *Vitechappel wittles*. It vould'nt do for the vest end, 'cause the nobs there am so ower pertickler that they vill have their meat sightly to the eye—vith clean vite fat and handsome red; but it don't so much matter at Vitechappel, for so as a laboring man has a good happetite it's all as von to him vether he grubs off a bit of 'yellow' or a 'vet 'un,' pervising he gets his meat two-pence or three-pence a pound cheaperer."

The jury found for the plaintiff. London Argus.

Spinsters.—Formerly women were prohibited from marrying till they had spun a regular set of bed furniture, and, till their marriages, were consequently called spinsters, which continues till this day in legal proceedings.

AUGUSTA (Ga.) RACES POSTPONED.

IN CONSEQUENCE of the recent afflictions upon the city of Augusta, the proprietors of the *Lafayette Course* deem it proper to postpone their annual December Meeting until the 27th of January next, at which time fine sport may be expected.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, h. ft. To which are the following subscribers:—

1. Col. W. Hampton names Imp. b. c. *Sovereign*, by Emilius, out of Fleur de Lis by Bourbon.
2. Also, br. f. by Argyle, out of Pocahontas.
3. Jos. H. Towns' names br. c. *A. J. Lawson*, by Imp. Hedgeford, out of Kitty Fisher by Gallatin.
4. Col. J. Crowell names br. c. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of a Sir Hal mare.
5. R. D. Glover names ch. c. by Contention, out of an Eclipse mare.
6. G. Edmonson names ch. f. by Andrew, out of a Gallatin mare.
7. John Morrison's b. c. *Tom Smith*, by Monsieur Tonson, out of Betsey Richards.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
Fifth day—Purse $400, Mile heats, best 3 in 5. Dec. 28.

FRANKLIN HOTEL, TUSCUMBIA, Ala.

THE subscriber begs leave to inform his friends and the public that he has opened the above establishment for the reception of Ladies and Gentlemen. A share of the custom of the travelling community is solicited.
Dec. 28. L. G. GARRETT, *Proprietor.*

S. J. SYLVESTER'S

STOCK AND EXCHANGE OFFICE, is *not* removed, but continues at 22 Wall Street and 130 Broadway, at which office he has been established for the last 15 years.

Uncurrent Money taken at the lowest market rates, and if sent from abroad, proceeds can be drawn at sight, or remittance will be returned according to instructions.

Collections—Notes and Drafts collected on all parts of the United States, Canadas, and Europe.

Drafts at sight for £5 and upwards, payable on any part of England, Ireland, Scotland, or Wales, can always be obtained, as also Bills on Paris and Hamburg, or persons at a distance have only to remit the amount to S. J. Sylvester, with instructions, to ensure prompt attention.

Bills of Exchange, Bank of England notes, and all descriptions of Foreign Gold bought at the highest price.

Stocks, Corporation Bonds, and other secuties bought and sold. All communications must be addressed to S. J. SYLVESTER,
Dec. 28. 130 Broadway and 22 Wall street.

DUELLING PISTOLS.

FOR SALE—Two cases of highly-finished Duelling Pistols, made to order with particular care by the first maker in Paris. They are new, and well worthy attention.
Dec. 28.—[1t*] E. H. LUDLOW & CO., 13 Broad Street.

MOBILE (Ala.) SPRING RACES.

THE SPRING MEETING over the *Bascombe Course*, will commence on Tuesday, 10th March, 1840, and continue five days.

Great Four mile Sweepstakes.—On the first day, the one preceding the regular Jockey Club Races, will be run a great Four mile Sweepstakes, free for all ages, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft., and to which the proprietor will add a splendid Silver Cup, valued at $500. To name and close on or before 1st March, 1840. Three or more to make a race. The following have already subscribed:—

R. H. Long. Wm. G. Haun. T. Watson.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Two mile heats.
Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, h. ft. Three or more to make a race. To name and close on or before the 1st Feb., 1840.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.
Same day—Proprietor's Purse $100, added to a subscription of $25 each, Mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
Same day—Post Stake, free for all ages, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, P. P. To close on or before the 1st March, 1840.

☞ Entries for the above stakes may be forwarded to the Secretary or Proprietor.

The ensuing Spring Meeting promises to prove of most unusual attraction.

☞ Five or six of the best stables in the South West will winter in Mobile, and thus insure a large field for every race. The stakes are numerous and varied, the purses large, and the known excellence and quickness of the course will naturally attract vast numbers of horses to compete for them, thus ensuring fame and profit to the winners, with sport and excitement to the public.

DAVID STEPHENSON, *Proprietor.*
F. K. WEST, *Secretary.* Dec. 28.

FOR SALE,

THE well-known Trotting horse AWFUL. For particulars apply at the New York Hippona, 65 and 67 Watt street. CODDINGTON & McMANUS.
New York, December 28, 1839.

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

THE following choice stock, of pure blood and unexceptionable pedigree, is offered for sale, viz.:

No. 1. *Nancy Norwood*, (dam of Atalanta,) by Thornton's Rattler, out of a Bonaparte mare, she out of a double crossed Medley mare; now 14 years old, and in foal to Priam.

2. *Camilla*, out of Nancy Norwood by Sussex; now 6 years old, and open.

3. A bay filly, out of Camilla by Priam, now at the foot, finely pointed, and large of her age.

4. *Maid of Northampton*, a grey filly, out of Nancy Norwood by Autocrat, now 3 years old, and winner of the Maryland produce stake over the National Course in Oct. last.

5. *Violetta*, out of Lady Telegraph by Oscar Junior, now 4 years old, and in foal to Imp. John Bull.

Together with a number of others, male and female, of pure and undoubted pedigrees. As the pedigrees of this stock have long since been published both in the "Turf Register" and "Spirit of the Times," a reference to those papers will satisfy the most scrupulous of the entire purity and value of the lot. Any gentleman or company of gentlemen who may desire to purchase the lot, or any portion thereof, can obtain every information by addressing the subscriber through the Bladensburg post office, Maryland.
Dec. 16, 1839—[dec21] SAML. SPRIGG.

SETTERS WANTED.

TWO very fine Setters are wanted at This Office. They must be well broke, young and handsome. Application may be made (if by letter post paid) to the Editor of The Spirit of the Times.

A well bred *Setter Slut* is also wanted, to breed from. She must have been a good performer herself, and from a well known stock. Dec. 21.

TROTTING STALLIONS WANTED.

LIBERAL prices will be paid for two Stallions of fine size and good action, from which to breed superior Carriage Horses. It is not required that they should be thoroughbred, but they must be at least 15½ hands high, and able to trot a mile in four minutes. Bays would be preferred; any other color would not be an insuperable objection, provided they were fine in every other respect. Letters containing a description, stating price, etc., will be attended to if addressed (post paid) to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times. Dec. 21.

LEVIATHAN STALLIONS FOR SALE.

WACOUSTA, a dark chesnut, without any white, 15 hands 3 inches high, with great length and substance, foaled in 1832; was sired by the celebrated imported horse Leviathan, out of Lady Lightfoot by Oscar, g. d. Maid of Orleans by Cœur de Lion, g. g. d. Nancy Mason by Imp. Saltram—Wildair—Mercury—Apollo—Jolly Roger—Imp. Grenville mare.

Performances.

Nashville, May 26, 1835—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds. Seventeen subs. at $50 each, P. P. Mile heats.

H. Kirkman's ch. c. *Wacousta*	3	4	1	1
T. A. Pankey's ch. f. *Alice Riggs*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Sally Hope	2	2	2	r.o.
Jno. Bass' gr. f. by Richard	6	5	3	r.o.
J. Southall's b. c. by Stockholder	5	1	dist.	
L. L. Leavell's bl. f. by Childers	1	3	dist.	
R. Desha's gr. c. by Imp. Leviathan	4	6	dr	
Jas. H. Hough's ch. c. by Kosciusko	dist.			

Time, 1:55—1:56—1:55.

Gallatin, Sept. 14, 1836—Jockey Club Purse $400, entrance $40; Three mile heats

Jno. C. Beasley's bl. c. *Othello*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs., 100lbs.	1	1
Jas. Jackson's ch. c. *Wacousta*, by Imp. Leviathan, 4 yrs., 100lbs	2	2
A. P. Yourie's b. c. *Balie Peyton*, by Bertrand, 3 yrs., 86lbs	3	dr
S. C. Franklin's ch. m. *Matilda Rush*, by Stockholder, 5 yrs., 107lbs	4	dr

Time, 7:15—6:58. Track very deep.

Nashville, Sept. 29th, 1836—Jockey Club Purse $700, with the entrance money ($300) added; Four mile heats.

Kirkman & Dickinson's ch. c. *Wacousta*, 4 yrs., 100lbs	3	1	1
R. Smith's ch. f. *Fanny Bell*, by Murat, 3 yrs., 83lbs	1	3	2
Ragland & Davis' bl. c. *Othello*, by Imp. Leviathan, 4 yrs., 100lbs	2	2	3
T. A. Pankey's b. h. *Harkaway*, by Merlin, out of Picton's dam, 5 yrs., 110lbs	dist.		
John Crow's b. c. by Havoc, dam by Conqueror, 4 yrs., 100lbs	dist.		
L. P. Cheatham's b. c. by Bertrand, dam by Bagdad, 5 yrs., 110lbs	dist.		

Time, 8:13—8:12—8:24. Track heavy.

Florence, Ala., Oct. 27, 1837—Jockey Club Purse $300, entrance money ($60,) added; Two mile heats, best 3 in 5.

J. Jackson's (Kirkman & Dickinson's) ch. c. *Wacousta*, 4 yrs., 100lbs	1	1	1
C. Cheatham's ch. c. *Osceola*, by Eclipse, dam by Constitution, 3 yrs., 86lbs	2	2	2

Time, 4:05—4:01—4:06.

Huntsville, Ala., Nov. 9, 1836—Jockey Club Purse $600, entrance money ($120,) added Three mile heats.

Jas. Jackson's (Kirkman & Dickinson's) ch. c. *Wacousta*, 4 yrs., 104lbs	3	1	1
Jno. Connally's ch. c. *Little Red*, by Bertrand, 4 yrs., 104	1	2	2
S. Ragland's b. c. *Othello*, by Imp. Leviathan, 4 yrs., 104lbs	2	3	3

Time, 5.56—5:51—5:59.

The second heat of this race was the fastest ever run over the Huntsville Course, the horses carrying 4lbs. over the usual 4 yr. old weights. After this he was taken from the Turf. Wacousta was never beaten except by the Leviathan horse Othello, whom he beat *twice* afterwards. Wacousta is a sure Foal getter, and his colts look as fine as his sire's.

Also, ONALASKA, br. c. 3 yrs, own Brother to Wacousta, 16 hands high, no white except small blaze in the forehead. He was very promising, and entered in several stakes; while in training, he took the distemper. He ran in his first Stake at Nashville in May last, which proved that the distemper had entirely injured him as a race horse. He will make a splendid stallion. Both the above horses we are willing to sell at fair prices, and on liberal time, viz., $4000 for Wacousta, and $2000 for Onalaska, at one and two years.

H. & J. KIRKMAN.
Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 15, 1839.—[dec21-8t]

MONARCH.

THIS celebrated Racer will make his first season, under the direction of Mr. William A. Stewart, at Col. WADE HAMPTON'S Woodlands Estate, five miles below Columbia, South Carolina, and be let to mares at One Hundred Dollars the season, to be paid in every instance before the mare is served.

By reference to the sporting periodicals of the day, Monarch's extended pedigree and performances may be seen. During his short but brilliant career on the Turf, he has never encountered any thing either in *public* or *private*, that could afford him a trial. He was bred at Hampton Court, by his Majesty William IV., and was foaled in 1834. He was got by Priam, out of Delphine by Whisker. He has started seven times, and never lost a heat.

Extensive Rye and Grass Pastures are provided for mares, with separate lots for such as may have young foals. Mares well fed at fifty cents per day, to be paid before they are removed. Such mares as may not prove in foal to Monarch the first season, will be entitled the second to a season gratis to him or such other horse as may occupy his stand. Every care will be taken to guard against accidents, but no responsibility should they occur. Season to commence the 1st of February, and terminate the 1st of July.

Columbia, S. C., Dec. 1, 1839.—[dec21]

N.B. Black servants boarded gratis; having no accommodations for white ones, they must board in Columbia or elsewhere.

PRODUCE STAKE.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1840, over the Victoria Course, (Fauquier, White Sulphur Springs,) Va., Mile heats, sub. $200 each, $50 forfeit; to name and close 1st January, 1840.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Dr. Lufborough names produce of Vixen, by Rob Roy, and St. Leger.
2. Robert E. Lee names produce of Maria, by Contention, and Imp Priam.
3. Also, produce of a Sir Charles mare and Imp Felt.
4. A. M. Payne names produce of Ruth, by Medley, and Imp. Emancipation.
5. Also, produce of Emily, by Sir Charles, and Imp. Emancipation.
6. R. E. Scott names produce of Mazeppa's dam and Imp. Priam.
7. Hector Bell names produce of Slender, by Industry, and Imp. Emancipation.
8. John Baker names produce of Linnet, by Rob Roy, and Imp. Felt.
9. Wm. L. White names produce of Imp. My Lady, by Comus, and Imp. Priam.
10. Also, produce of Corset and Imp. Priam.
11. Thomas Doswell names produce of Eliza Whorton and Pamunky.
12. McCargo and Duvall.

Persons wishing to become subscribers to he above Stake will address the Editor of the "Spirit of the Times [jy13]

SWEEPSTAKES, OPELOUSAS, La.

SWEEPSTAKES for 2 yr. olds, Mile heats, to be run on the day previous to the Fall Meeting of 1840, sub. $300 each, $100 ft. To name and close 1st March, 1840; three or more to make a race. Now one subscriber, viz:—H. Carlin. [dec14]
Persons wishing to subscribe will address E. W. TAYLOR, *Sec'y.*

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tenn., Two mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said course, the Fall of 1843, being the day previous to the Great Peyton Stake of $5000 entrance. Subscription to this stake, $2000, $400 ft., the rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed. Three or more to make a race. Stake to close the 1st of August.
Address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq. Secretary, Nashville, Tenn.
1. James Kirkman, of La. names br. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Lady Fly by Bustard

DURHAM CATTLE FOR SALE.

SHORT HORNED DURHAM CATTLE of pure blood, bred by Charles Henry Hall, of New York, comprising Bulls, Cows, and Heifers of all ages. In point of excellence, the Proprietor of these cattle will not hesitate to compete at any Fair with those lately imported from England, or any other bred in this country. Their size, beauty of form, and milking properties, are seldom equalled.

Some of these animals have taken Premiums, and among them the Gold and Silver Medals of the American Institute, for two successive years.

For terms, examination, and pedigrees, apply to the subscriber at Greenbush, Rensselaer County, where the animals are; or to Daniel A. Webster, No. 67 State Street Albany. WILLIAM DEENY, *Agent.*
Greenbush, Sept. 2, 1839.—[sept7]

MAYSVILLE (Ky.) JOCKEY CLUB.

THE races over the *Beechland Course* will commence in future on the 1st Tuesday in May, and the 3d Tuesday in Sept. [oct26] W. J. STRATTON, *Proprietor.*

SOUTH CAROLINA ANNUAL RACES.

THE Annual Races over the *Washington Course*, near Charleston, S. C., will commence on Monday, the 17th February.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft. To which are the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names Imp. b. c. *Sovereign*, by Emilius, out of Fleur de Lis by Bourbon.
2. Also, Imp. ch. f. *Actress*, by The Colonel, out of Miss Clifton by Partisan.
3. P. McRa names Imp. ch. f. by Langar.
4. Col. Singleton names Imp. f. by Priam.
5. Paul Fitzsimons names br. f. by St. Nicholas.
6. John Manning names ch. f. by Langar, out of The Balkan by Blacklock.
7. M. Seabrook names ch. f. by Medoc, out of Sally Taylor.
8. Dr. Heyward names br. f. by Imp. Nonplus, dam by Crusader, out of Rexana
9. Wade Hampton, Jr. names br. f. *Kate Seyton*, by Argyle, out of Pocahontas.
10. P. M. Butler names Imp. b. f. by Actæon, out of Scandal by Selim.
11. Jas. H. Adams names Imp. ch. f. by Actæon, out of Ada, sister to Augusta.
12. Jas. B. Richardson names —— by Imp. Nonplus, out of Zoraida's dam.
13. G. Edmonson names ch. f. *Mary Elizabeth*, by Andrew, dam by Gallatin.
14. P. McRa names ch. c. *Equinox*, by Gohanna, out of Janette, sister to Sir Charles.
15. John Woolfolk names ch. c. *Cusseta Chief*, by Andrew, out of Virago by Wildair.

Second day—Citizens' Purse, Three mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $600, Three mile heats.
Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats.

The rule hitherto preventing horses starting for this race, that were not under 5 years of age, has been altered, so as to make the race free for all ages, carrying weight for age, as on the other days.

Sixth day—Handicap Race, Three mile heats.

The amount of this Purse depends upon the receipts at the gates.
[dec14-6t] JOHN B. IRVING, *Secretary.*

SWEEPSTAKES, RALEIGH, N. C.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to come off over the *State Course*, as follows:—

No. 1. Sweepstakes for Spring of 1840, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $160 ft., Mile heats. To close 1st March. Four or more to make a race. Now four subs.
J. McLeod. | Hugh Rogers. | David McDaniel. | Maj. N. T. Green.

2. For Spring of 1840. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200 each, h. ft., Mile heats. To close 1st March, 1840. Three or more to make a race. Now 1 sub.

3. For Fall Meeting of 1840. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft., Two mile heats. To name and close 1st March, 1840. Ten or more to make a race. Now 8 subs., viz.:

John White. Jno. C. Rogers. Robt. Chapman, by N. T. Green.
Thos. W. Rainey. David McDaniel. Wm. Townes.
Abner Robertson. W. B. Cunningham.

4. Spring Meeting, 1841. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft. To name and close 1st day of Jan. next. Now 8 subs., viz.:

George W. Polk. David McDaniel. O. P. Hare.
N. T. Green. Col. McLeod. W. Townes.
Jno. C. Rogers. Col. W. Hampton.

5. Spring Meeting, 1843. Produce Stake for 3 yr. olds sub. $1000 each, $250 ft., Mile heats. Now 9 subs. To name and close 1st of Jan., 1840.

John M. Bryan. Wm. McCargo. Geo. Goodwyn.
John C. Rogers. John White. David McDaniel.
David McDaniel. P. A. Prindle. R. B. Cunningham.

Jas. W. Williamson names produce of a Sir Archy mare and Benbow.

6. A Poststake for 4 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, with $500 added by the Proprietor, Three mile heats. Four or more to make a race. To close 1st of March, 1840. To be run at the Spring Meeting of 1840.

7. A Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, Four mile heats, sub. $2000 each, h. ft. To name and close 1st July, 1840. Four or more to make a race. Now 2 subs. To be run the Fall Meeting of 1840. DAVID McDANIEL.
Raleigh, N. C., Dec. 4, 1839.—[dec14-3t]

P.S. The Races over the Raleigh State Course will commence on the 4th Tuesday in April next, and over the Waynesboro' Course the 2d Tuesday in April next. D

THE MONTGOMERY (Ala.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

OVER the *Bertrand Course*, will commence on Tuesday, the 24th of December, 1839, and continue five days.

First day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Two mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

On Monday, 23d December, the following Sweepstakes will be run for—$300 entrance—named and closed the 1st day of May, 1839:

1. R. B. Harrison names ch. c. *Talley*, by Talleyrand, dam by Bertrand.
2. M. Ashurst names b. f. *Susan Jenkins*, by Sir William.
3. David Stephenson names (for Messrs. Nott & Fearus) f. by Hocopoco.
4. Bat. Smith names b. c. *Matcham*, by Chateau Margaux, out of Cinderella, by Shylock.
5. John R. Radick and Col. T. Watson name gr. f. *Fandango*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Imp. Gallopade, by Canter
6. A. M. Jewell and John Duncan name b. f. *Nightingale*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Marshal Ney.
7. Nath. Simmons names b. c. *John Carpenter*, by Pacific.
8. Gen Scott has also an entry in the same race, but it has been mislaid by the Secretary

[sept21] POLLARD BROWN, J. B. TAYLOR, } *Proprietors.*

SWEEPSTAKES, OAKLAND COURSE, Ky.

SWEEPSTAKES to be run over the Oakland Course, Ky., and to close on the 1st of January, 1840:—

1. GREAT WESTERN STAKE, free for all ages, sub. $3000 each, P. P., Four mile heats, to be run the last day of the Fall Meeting of 1840; to name at the Post; three or more to make a race.

2. GREY EAGLE STAKE, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $1000 each, P. P.; to run the first day of the Fall Meeting of 1840, Two mile heats; to name at the Post; three or more to make a race.

3. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $100 ft., Two mile heats; to run the first day of the Spring Meeting of 1840; now 2 subs.

4. THE HOTEL STAKE, free for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100 each, P P.; to name at the Post, the Proprietor adds $250 worth of Plate, Mile heats; now 4 subs.

5. GOLD STAKE, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $100 ft.; the Proprietor adds a Gold Cup value $500, Two mile heats; 20 to make a race; now 10 subs.

6. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub- $500 each, $100 ft.; the Proprietor adds a Silver Plate, value $500, with the privilege of running a colt; 16 or more to make race; Two mile heats; to run the Fall Meeting of 1841.

7. BREEDERS' PLATE, given by the Proprietor, value $100, for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats. To this Stake no subscription is required; an entry failing to start must pay $20 ft., to be added to the plate; to be run the Spring Meeting of 1840; 5 or more to make a race.

Address the Secretary of the Louisville Jockey Club.

THE SYRIAN ARAB, SHERIFF PACHA.

THIS splendid Arabian was imported by Commodore J. D. Elliott, in the Frigate Constitution, August, 1838. Sheriff Pacha is amongst the finest specimens of Arabian blood ever landed on this continent; he is a blood bay of rich color, 15 hands 1¾ inches high, 6 years old; his deep chest, bones, form, and strength of limb, according with M. Sue's description of the celebrated "Godolphin" Arabian, the Father of the English Turf. Sheriff Pacha having, however, superiority in size and color, as also in point of origin, he being a Nedjdi, the Godolphin but a Barb. This horse was obtained by Commodore Elliott from an Egyptian officer in the Staff of Sheriff Pacha, Viceroy of Syria, in the summer of 1837, at Damascus, and was selected from a number in the Viceroy's stable.

Pedigree.—The Pedigree of this horse is in the original Arabic, with a translation attested by the Consular Seal of the American Consul at Beyrout, and is in possession of Commodore Elliott.

(TRANSLATION.)

Thanks be to God, the Creator of the Universe. On this day, which is the blessed Sunday, 16th Iemad the first, 1251 of Hagira, Mustafa Aga, of Damascus, has purchased from Hagi Aly the Aleppine, the red horse called Nedjdi Arrawy, very well known to be from the Arabs of Atrah, and to his sire and dam a great many testimonials are given from the Arabs of Dawleh, the neighbors of the Arabs of Atrah. According to the testimony of every one of these faithful witnesses, who have given their names below, and who are honest and true, the said horse is a real Nedjdi, a descendant of his sire and dam the red mare Nedjdi; and he is delivered to Mustafa Aga in good and perfect health and condition, and the price has been paid to the owner to his entire satisfaction. Now the aforesaid horse has been delivered up to the possession and charge of Mustafa Aga as his lawful property. And this present contract has been written in the presence of the persons who have put down their testimony below.

Witnesses to the above— AHMED AGA ATHMAN (L. S.)
ABDEL KADER TUBBAA (L.S.)
EL SHAIK MOOSA (L.S.)

The foregoing is a true and faithful translation from the original in Arabic. In witness whereof. [SEAL] J. CHASSEAND, United States Consul.
Beyrout, 2d September, 1837.

Sheriff Pacha will stand the ensuing season at Solitude Farm, 4 miles south of Cheek's Cross Roads, Jefferson Co., East Tennessee, at $75 the season, insuring foal. Good upland pasturage for mares gratis, grain fed and groomed $5 per month. Every possible care taken, but no liabilities for accidents or escapes.
J. GRAY SMITH, Agent for the Proprietors.
Solitude Farm, 9th Oct., 1839.—[nov 23]

THE BEDOUIN ARAB, IBRAHIM PACHA.

THIS beautiful Arab horse was obtained by Commodore Elliott from the Neapolitan Consul at Joppa, Palestine, in the summer of 1835, and imported by him in the corvette John Adams, August, 1836. He is a dark iron grey, with a silvery mane and tail, is 15 hands high, and seven years old; he is closely and compactly formed, with elastic and graceful gait, shewing the sinew and muscle so peculiar to the famous Merlano breed.

Pedigree.—The Pedigree of this horse is in the original Arabic, with a translation attested by the Consular Seal of the American Consul at Jerusalem, and is in possession of Commodore Elliott.

(TRANSLATION.)

We, the undersigned, do declare that the horse which Mr. Elliott, Ameriban Commodore, bought from us, is a Merlano of the Bedouin horses, of the race of Sirbaa, and in consequence, this declaration is written for the Commodore, so that he may be satisfied that the said horse is really Bedouin; in faith of which we give the present affirmation.

Signed ACHMED EL SAID MASTAFANI.
Joppa, 15 Gerwad Acher, 1252. ACHMED EL EBAB.

I, the undersigned, do testify that the horse above mentioned, which Commodore Elliott bought at Joppa is a Bedouin horse, of a famous Merlano race, and in consequence I hereby give the present testimonial.

[SEAL] MURAD ARTIN,
Jucaricato, as American Consul for Joppa and Jerusalem.
Joppa, 15 Gerwad Acher, 1252.

Ibrahim Pacha will stand the ensuing season at Solitude Farm, 4 miles south of Cheek's Cross Roads, Jefferson Co., East Tennessee, at $50 the season, insuring foal. Good upland pasturage for mares gratis; grain fed and groomed $5 per month. Every possible care taken, but no liability for accidents or escapes.
J. GRAY SMITH, Agent for the Proprietors.
Solitude Farm 9th Oct., 1839.—[nov 23]

IMPROVED DURHAM SHORT HORNS.

MR. WHITAKER'S third sale of high bred improved Short Horns, by the Ship Napier, will be held at Powelton, near Philadelphia, on Friday, the 20th September, 1839, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

The Subscriber is authorised by Col. Powell to state, that all the best cattle which he has at any time imported, and the improved Short Horns which he considered the best in England, were either in Mr. Whitaker's possession, or were derived from his fold. Col. Powell has not the slightest interest in Mr. Whitaker's sales.
Philadelphia, July 15th, 1839.—[jy 20] C. J. WOLBERT, Auctioneer.

WATKINS & ASKHAM,

FRENCH AND ENGLISH TAILORS AND DRAPERS, No. 61 Nassau Street, New York, and 180 Regent Street, London. Uniforms and Fancy Dresses. Diplomatique and other Appointments. Prices extremely low for cash. [dec14]

STAKES, PICTON COURSE, LIVINGSTON, Ala.

PRODUCE STAKE for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1840, to run Fall Meeting of 1842, Mile heats, sub. $2000 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 15th of November, 1839. Notes and security are required for the forfeit in all cases.

1. John Nicholls names produce of Columbia Taylor, by Medley, and Imp. Leviathan.
2. Richard Yarborough names produce of Bellona, by Stockholder, and Imp. Leviathan.
3. Wm. E Long names produce of Fanny Hill, by Stockholder, and Jerry.

2. Kinterbish Stake, free for colts and fillies (the get of horses standing in Sumter or adjoining counties,) dropped Spring of 1840, to run Spring of 1843, Mile heats, sub $300 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 1st Jan., 1841.

1. Wm. B. Ochiltree names a colt or filly the get of Pactolus.
2. Kader B. Stallings " " " "
3. John Long names colt or filly, the get of Jerry.
4. Wm. E. Long " " " "
5. Richard Yarborough names colt or filly, the get of Pactolus.
6. James S. Jackson names colt or filly, the get of Pulaski.

3. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yr. old Spring of 1839, to run during the regular Fall Meeting, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 1st of Sept., 1839

A. M. Jewe..

4. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring of 1840, Mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan., 1840. To run during Spring Meeting.

A. M. Jewell.

5. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring of 1840, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan., 1840. To run during Spring Meeting.

A. M. Jewell.

6. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring 1840, to run during regular Fall Meeting, 1840, Three mile heats, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft.; three or more to make a race To name and close by 4th of Jan., 1840.

All entries to the above Sweepstakes must be addressed to the Secretary at Livington, Sumter Co., Alabama, and they will meet with prompt attention.

J. J. JEWELL,
June 23, 8139.—[jy 13] Secretary Livingston Jockey Club.

IMPORTED AUTOCRAT.

AUTOCRAT will be continued the next season (1840) at his present stand, within two miles of Clarksville, Tenn. He will serve mares at *Sixty dollars* the season, *Seventy-five dollars* ($75) to insure, and *One dollar* to the groom. Mares will be furnished with good pastures, and well fed with grain at the customary price Every attention will be paid to prevent accidents or escapes, but no liability in case of either.

JAMES McCLURE & CO.

N. B. The owners of Autocrat are induced to make this early publication from the circumstance of their having received several applications from gentlemen residing in Maryland and Virginia to obtain his services. And as the arrangements of the company are such as to prevent their compliance with their requests, they have concluded the above to be the most proper means of conveying their intentions.

Autocrat will be limited to Fifty-five pay mares. JAMES McCLURE & CO.
Clarksville, Tenn., Sept. 1st, 1839—[sept21-5m]

GREAT PRODUCE STAKE

FOR FALL, 1843.—We, the Subscribers, agree to run a Produce Stake with colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1840; over the Louisiana Race Course, near New Orleans, four mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, $1000 ft. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1840

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Isaac Van Leer names produce of Janette and Eclipse.
2. R. H. Long names produce of Ringlet and Marion.
3. Henry A. Tayloe names produce of Hortense and Imp. Leviathan.
4. John J. Burton names produce of Black Sophia and Stockholder.
5. Col. James Lankford names produce of Multiflora and Imp. Leviathan.

Post Stake for Fall, 1839.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Post Stake, free for all ages, over the Henry Course, near Greensborough, Ala., four mile heats, on the Monday previous to the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1839. Subscription $2000 each, $500 ft., three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of September, 1839.

Jno. J. Burton | Rich'd H. Long
Henry A. Tayloe |

Post Stake for Fall, 1839.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Post Stake, free for all ages, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., two mile heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1839 Subscription $1000 each, P.P., four or more to make a race. Henry A. Tayloe.

Sweepstakes.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting, on said Course, the Spring of 1840. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., four or more to make a race. Stake to close and name 1st day of March, 1840.

Dr. Robt. W. Withers.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., two mile heats, on the fourth day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, fall of 1839. Subscription $500 each, $200 ft., three or more to make a race, stake to close and name on the first day of October, 1839.

Henry A Tayloe | Jno. J. Burton

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, One mile, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, Fall of 1839. Subscription $100 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race. Stake to close and name on the first day of October, 1839.

Dr. R. W. Withers | Jno. J. Burton
Col. Jas. Lankford |

WE the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, Fall of 1839. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., three or more to make a race. To name and close on the 1st day of October, 1839.

Dr R. W. Withers | Henry W. Reese
J. J. Burton |

Nominations to the above stakes are to be addressed to
(June1) HENRY A. TAYLOE, Macon, Marengo Co., Ala

THE PEYTON STAKE.

WE, the Undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tennessee, Four Mile Heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, forfeit $1000. The Rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race; if subscriber, colt, or filly, dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1839.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Hon. Ballie Peyton & Dr. J. G. Chalmers of La. name the produce of Black Maria by Eclipse and Imp. Luzborough.
2. Hon. B. Peyton & A. Henderson of La. name the produce of Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
3. James Kirkman of La. names the produce of Imp. Eliza by Rubens, and Imp. Glencoe.
4. Col. Wm. Wynn of Va. names the produce of Isabella by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
5. Also, the produce of Trumpetta by Mons. Tonson, and Imp. Priam.
6. Maj. Thos. J. Wells of La. names the produce of Imp. Pickle by Emilius, and Imp Glencoe.
7. James Jackson of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Delight by Reveller, and Imp Glencoe.
8. Col. Thos. Watson of Tenn. names the produce of Giantess by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Glencoe.
9. John Boardman of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Miss Golborne by Lottery, and Imp Berners' Comus.
10. Wm. G. Haun of Miss. names the produce of Rattlesnake by Bertrand, and Imp Hedgeford.
11. Col. Geo. Elliott & H. & J. Kirkman of Tenn. name the produce of Hibernia by Sir Archy, and Imp. Leviathan.
12. Also, the produce of Imp. Florestine by Whisker, and Imp. Leviathan.
13. Maj. A. J. Davie of Tenn. names the produce of Imp. Doris by The Colonel, and Imp Lurcher.
14. Henry Wilkes of Md. names the produce of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
15. James Long of Va. names the produce of Flirtilla Jr. by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
16. P A. Prindle of S. C. names the produce of Aggy-Down by Timoleon, and Imp. Priam
17. Hon. Alex. Barrow of La. names the produce of Lilac by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp Skylark.
18. Col. A. L. Bingaman of Miss. names the produce of Own Sister to Betsey Malone by Stockholder, and Woodpecker.
19. Henry A. Tayloe of Ala. names the produce of Howa by Imp. Luzborough, and Mingo.
20. John C. & Hugh Rogers of N. C. name the produce of Polly Peacham by John Richards, and Imp. Priam.
21. W. D. Amis & M. Hunt of Miss. name the produce of Eliza Drake by Shawnee, and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
22. Col. Wade Hampton of S. C. names the produce of Imp. Delphine by Whisker, and Plenipotentiary.
23. W. H. E. Merritt of Va. & L. P. Cheatham of Tenn. name the produce of Alice Riggs by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
24. John C. Beasley of Tenn. names the produce of Kathleen by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp Skylark.
25. Maj. W. R. Peyton of Tenn. names the produce of Black Kitty Clover by Eclipse, and Pacific.
26. John Blevins and Samuel Carter of Ala. name the produce of Miss Medley by Medley, and Wild Bill
27. J. Morrison Pindell of Ky. names the produce of Marcella by Alfred, and Eclipse.
28. Wm. H. E. Merritt & Brother of Va. name the produce of Robt. C. Williamson's Imp mare Pera by Sultan and Imp. Priam.
29. Also, the produce of Imp. Bustle by Whalebone, and Imp. Priam
30. John C. Rodgers of N. C. names the produce of Maria West by Marion, and Andrew

☞ Subscribers to this Stake losing their colts will please make the fact known at once through the Spirit of the Times. [F2] H. KIRKMAN, Sec'y Nashville J C

SWEEPSTAKES, NASHVILLE.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstakes, Mile heats, on the first day of the Spring Races, 1842, with colts and fillies then 3 years old; $300 entrance, $100 ft., to be run according to the rules of the Nashville Jockey Club. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. H. Kirkman names ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Florestine by Whisker.
2. H. Dickinson names ch. c. *Bob Rice*, by Post Boy, out of Mary Smith by Sir Richard.
3. Also, names b. c. *Bill Sims*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Rebecca by Arab.
4. Saml. J. Carter names b. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Sally Nailor.
5. L. J. Polk names ch. f. by Imp. Glencoe, dam by Marshal Ney.
6. W. W. Gift names ch. c. by Imp. Philip, dam by Pacolet.
7. Jef. Monks names ch. f. *Betsey Cheatham*, by Imp. Skylark, out of Henrietta by Sir Archy.
8. S. Donnelson names ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan dam by Sir Hal.
9. Thos. Alderson names b. c. by Imp. Philip, out of the dam of Kenlock.
10. Also, names ch. f. by Imp. Philip, out of Glance by Wild Bill.
11. Geo. W. Cheatham names ch. f. by Imp. Skylark, dam by Arab. [oct26]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 52 Chatham-st, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union.

THE ALABAMA STAKES.

THE undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville Course, at the October meeting, 1843, on the day after the "Peyton Stakes," for colts and fillies then 4 years old, for $2000 each, half forfeit; or $500 if declared the 1st January, 1841; *Three Mile Heats*, to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race, the second horse to be entitled to his stake; to close the 1st January, 1840. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st of January, 1841, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

James Jackson,	R. K. Polk,	Jas. W. Camp
T. Watson,	Samuel Ragland,	E. H. Boardman,
Lucius J. Polk,	Nicholas Davis,	George Elliott,
Wm. Hawkins Polk,	Jesse Cage,	G. W. Polk.

The Trial Stakes.

The undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville Course, at the October meeting, 1843, on the day previous to the "Peyton Stakes," with the produce of mares covered in 1839, for $1000 each, half forfeit, or $250 if declared the 1st January, 1842; Two Mile heats, to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race; the second horse to be entitled to his stake. To close the 1st January, 1840. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st January, 1842, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

James Jackson,	Lucius J. Polk,	Nicholas Davis,
Samuel Ragland,	William H. Polk, by }	E. H. Boardman,
T. Watson,	Lucius J. Polk, }	James W. Camp,
Willis H. Boddie,	R. K. Polk,	Hickman Lewis,
L. P. Cheatham,	Henry Dickinson,	George Elliott,
Saml. Ragland,	Alex. Barrow,	Thos. Kirkman,

Wm. Wynn names produce of Victoria and Picton (by Imp. Luzborough).

Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to either of the above stakes should address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq., Secretary of the Jockey Club, Nashville, Tennessee, to whom the nominations are also to be forwarded. [j22.]

NEW ORLEANS FALL RACES, ECLIPSE COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes are open over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, to commence first Tuesday in December.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To name and close 1st of July, 1839. Now 6 subs., viz.:

Y. N. Oliver,	Duncan F. Kenner,	George M. Long.
Fergus Duplantier,	W. J. Minor,	A. L. Bingaman.

Spring Meeting, 1840.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To run at the Spring Meeting of 1840; and close the 1st of January next. Now 6 subs., viz.:

W. T. Minor,	Fergus Duplantier,	T. J. Wells,
Y. N. Oliver,	G. N. Sanders,	A. L. Bingaman.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, subs. $1000 each, h. ft. To name and close 1st of Jan. 1840. Now 2 subs.

Duncan F. Kenner names imp. ch. f. by Langar, out of Annot Lyle by Ashton.

Address (post paid) [my4] J. R. STERRITT, New Orleans.

SWEEPSTAKE, NASHVILLE.

WE, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies foaled Spring of 1838, at the Fall Meeting of the Nashville Jockey Club, 1841, on the Saturday preceding the Jockey Club Races, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, h. ft.; to close and name on or before the 1st January, 1840. To be run under the rules of the said Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race. Address to HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq., Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club.

J. C. Guild.	James Jackson.	Saml. Ragland.	
Thos. Barry.	Jesse Cage.	George Elliott.	[oct5]

SWEEPSTAKES, CROSS KEYS COURSE, Va.

SWEEPSTAKES for Spring, 1840. To come off first day of the Meeting.—We, the subscribers, do agree to run a sweepstakes, Mile heats, over the Cross Keys Course, with colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, sub. $200 each, h. ft., out of mares that never produced a winner. To name and close the 1st day of March, 1840.

Sampson C. Reese.

Sweepstakes for Spring, 1840.—We, the subscribers, do agree to run a sweepstakes, Mile heats, over the Cross Keys Course, to come off the last day of the Spring Meeting, with colts and fillies then 2 yrs. old, sub. $300 each, $100 ft. To name and close 1st day of March, 1840; three or more to make a race.

Sweepstakes for Spring, 1841.—We, the subscribers, agree to run a sweepstakes, Mile heats, over the Cross Keys Course, with colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, sub. $300 each, $100 ft., the produce of mares that never produced a winner. To name and close the 1st day of March, 1840.

1. James Talley names produce of his Timoleon b. f. and Imp. Priam.
2. Sampson C. Reese names bl. c. by Cymon, dam by Sir Hal.

Sweepstakes for Spring, 1842.—We, the subscribers, agree to run a sweepstakes, Mile heats, over the Cross Keys Course, with colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, to run the first day of the meeting; sub. $200 each, $50 ft., from mares that never produced a winner. To close the 1st day of Jan., 1840.

1. John Ivy names ch. f. by Cymon, dam by Imp. Luzborough.
2. N. T. Williams names produce of an Alexander mare and Cymon.
3. Thos. Payne names ch. f. by Philip, out of Wm. B. Goodwyn's Peggy by Imp. Luzborough
4. Saml. J. Douglass names ch. f. by Cymon, out of Equina.
5. G. A. W. Newsom names ch. c. by Cymon, out of Sally Cobb
6. S. C. Reese names b. f. by Cymon, dam by Sir Hal.
7. James Talley names b. f. by Imp. Priam, dam by Virginian.
8. E. B. Claud names ch. f. by Imp. Rowton, out of Echo by Eclipse
9. W. H. E. Merritt & Bro. names br. c by Imp. Priam, out of Imp. Trapes.
10. Also, ch. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Press.
11. Jno. S. Corbin names br f. by Imp. Priam. out of Arietta by Virginian.
12. Also, produce of a Shylock mare.

The races over the Cross Keys Course will commence on Tuesday, the 21st of April, 1840. Proprietor's Purse $300, free of discount. Jockey Club Purse $500, free of discount, Four mile heats. SAMPSON C. REESE, *Proprietor.*

P.S. Any entries made to any of the above stakes, will address Sampson C. Reese, Boykins Depot, Southampton Co., Va.

Cross Keys, Va., Nov. 25, 1839.—[dec 7-4t*]

THE NEWBERRY (S. C.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

WILL commence on Thursday, 26th December next, and continue until Wednesday, 1st January, 1840:—

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200 each, h. ft.; closed with 4 subs.

1. P. E. Duncan names b. f. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of a Tonson mare.
2. M. R. Smith names ch. c. *Gov. Butler*, by Argyle, out of Mary Frances by Director.
3. John Gist names gr. f. by Bertrand, out of a Sir Alfred mare.
4. William Eddins.

Same day—Jockey Club Purse, Mile heats.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse, Two mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse, Three mile heats.
Fourth day—Entrance money of that and the preceding days.

On each of the above days there will be a Sweepstake for unkept and saddle nags. The track will be put in fine condition, and a large collection of good ones is fully anticipated, several stables are already engaged.

The following Stakes are also to come off as follows, a part closed and a part still open, viz.:

1. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1837, to come off Fall Meeting of 1840, Two mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race; to name and close Fall Meeting of 1839. Now 8 subs., viz.:

John D. Williams.	P. E. Duncan.	Thomas B. Osborn.	William Eddins.
Myers & Henderson.	Hazel Smith.	M. R. Smith.	John Gist.

2. Produce Stake for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1838, to come off Fall Meeting of 1840, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; to name and close Fall Meeting of 1840; three or more to make a race; now 3 subs., viz.:

M. R. Smith.	P. E. Duncan.	John Gist.

3. Produce Stakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, to come off Fall Meeting of 1841, Two mile heats, sub. $200 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race; closed 1st Feb. last, with 5 subs., viz.:

1. M. R. Smith names produce of Mary Frances, by Director, and Imp. Hedgeford.
2. William Eddins names produce of Catherine, by Old Court, and Hualpa.
3. P. E. Duncan names produce of Betsey Barrow, by Harwood, and Young Virginian.
4. Henderson & Fair name produce of Henrietta, by Sir Henry, and Imp. Rowton.
5. James M. Henderson names produce of Sally Halifax, by Timoleon, and Bill Austin.

4. Produce Stakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1839, to come off Fall Meeting of 1842, two mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; three or more to make a race; closed 1st January last, with 8 subs., viz.:

1. P. E. Duncan names produce of Madeloc, by Young Virginian, and Imp. Tranby.
2. Thomas H. Henderson names produce of Henrietta, by Henry, and Imp Emancipation.
3. M. R. Smith names produce of Mary Frances, by Director, and Imp. Emancipation.
4. Thomas H. Henderson names produce of a Bertrand mare, and Young Virginian.
6. Hazel Smith names produce of Leanah and Imp. Emancipation.
7. Irby & Fair name produce of a Bertrand mare and Imp. Emancipation.
5. William Eddins names produce of Claudia, by Phenomenon, and Hualpa.
8. James M. Henderson names produce of Sally Halifax, by Timoleon, and Bill Austin.

[nov 23] R. STEWART, *Sec'y.*

SWEEPSTAKES, WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open, to come off over the *Washington Course* at the Spring Meeting of 1840:—

No. 1. Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $200 ft; four or more to make a race; Two mile heats; to name and close 1st of April, 1840.

No. 2. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; three or more to make a race; to close as above.

No. 3. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race; to close as above.

This stake is confined to nags bred or owned in Maryland or the District of Columbia at this time. Entries to the above stakes to be addressed to the Proprietor.

The races over the Washington Course will as usual commence on the first Tuesday in May, and continue four days. Good purses will be offered, of which due notice will be given. WILLIAM HOLMEAD, *Proprietor.*

Washington, D C., Dec. 10, 1839.—[dec14]

EQUESTRIAN EXCHANGE.

VAUXHALL GARDEN, 408 BOWERY.—The subscribers beg to inform their friends and the public that they have opened the above splendid establishment (late Cooke's Circus) as Livery and Sale Stables.

The Sales will take place every Tuesday and Thursday, at 11 o'clock. Horses, &c., must be entered by six o'clock in the evening previous to ensure a number on the catalogue.

The long experience and knowledge of the Proprietors, coupled with their determination to devote their personal attention to every department of the business, will not fail, they trust, to secure a liberal patronage. ROCKENBURG & BANCKER.

S. J. SYLVESTER.

STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER, 130 Broadway, and 22 Wall Street, has NOT Removed, but continues at his old establishment as above, where he has been for the last 13 years, and has *no other office in this City*, or elsewhere.

All kinds of Southern and Western Certificates of Deposite, and Bank Notes purchased at the very lowest market rates.

Virginia, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, Maryland, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Eastern Notes discounted on the very best terms.

Bills of Exchange on all parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, in sums of 5*l.*, 10*l.*, 15*l.*, 20*l.*, to 1000*l.*, (with fractional parts of a pound sterling) always for sale.

Sovereigns, English Silver, Bank of England, and Drafts on any part of the Continent of Europe, bought and sold.

Checks at sight on Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, and Washington City, and most of the other cities in the United States, can be obtained, and persons remitting funds to New York can draw at sight, or if left, interest will be allowed at the rate of 6 per cent per um. Those remitting uncurrent money can have it changed at the lowest market dtes, funds returned in current bank notes, or it will be subject to their order. Orders ev distant, meet the same attention as personal application.

☞ ll communications for Sylvester's Reporter and Counterfeit Detector, must be ddres S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway and 22 Wall-street

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

1. *Great Western*, bay filly, foaled on the 28th of April last, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Black Maria by Eclipse, entered in the $150,000 stake to be run over the Nashville Course in the Fall of 1843. This filly combines the stamina and game appearance of her dam with the beauty and finish of her sire.

2. *Darwin*, a ch. c. four years old, of fine size, by Sir Henry, (full brother of Mons. Tonson,) out of Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy, now in training.

3. Imp. ANNA MARIA, a ch. m. foaled in 1829, fifteen hands 1 inch high, *by* Truffle dam by Phantom, grandam by Walton, out of Allegranti, by Pegasus Her dam by Higflyer, out of Miss Squeezer, by Matchem, &c. &c. See Stud Book. Anna Maria ran with success in Virginia, beating at Lynchburg, in September, 1833, 3 mile heats, Equinox, by Monsieur Tonson, out of Betsey Robinson, Walter Scott, by Monsieur Tonson, out of Fantail by Sir Archy, and three others. Time, 5 minutes 55 seconds, 5 minutes 59 sec. See Volume 5, Turf Register, p. 152. She also won the 3 mile day at Halifax, same year, beating Sir Walter Cook. See same volume, page 263. At the Spring Meeting, 1834, of the Lynchburg Course, she beat a fine field, four horses, Lucy Ashton, among others, 2 mile heats, at three heats, running the two last heats in 3 minutes 51 seconds, 3 minutes 51 sec., carrying 107lbs. At the fall meeting in September, 1834, she was beaten for the proprietor's purse at Lynchburg, 2 mile heats, running second to Tuskeno, in a field of four heats, running the last heat in 6m., but was beaten herself by Donna Maria, who was first, and by Tristam Shandy, who was second. This race was a test of strength and swiftness; Tuskeno was drawn, and Clare de Kitchen distanced, after the 3d heat. Anna Maria ran a good second in a four mile race with Trifle, and left the turf in high credit. Of her performance it is stated in the Turf Register, vol. 7, p. 453, on the authority of Col. White, who trained and run her, that she beat Pizarro, who beat Goliah, who beat all of his day, even the invincible Andrew. Pizarro also beat Tychicus, who beat Annette, who beat O'Kelly; she (Anna) beat Tyrant, who won at the city of Washington, 4 miles; she also beat Prophet, who beat the Ace of Diamonds, winner at the Central course; also Lucy Ashton, the best of the Gohannas; also Lady Lancaster, who beat Virginia Carey the winner at Baltimore. She beat Red Rover, who beat Bonnets o' Blue; also Sir Walter Scott, the winner of the stallion stakes at Tree Hill. Although she did not run at Baltimore or Tree Hill, she beat the winners at those courses, and so far from her performance being but *decent*, I consider it first rate, as would all impartial men. In speaking of her pedigree, Tattersall declares "a better bred mare cannot be." Anna Maria is now in foal by Imp. Philip.—Her produce—

4. *Harry Hill*, b. c. 2 yrs. old, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, (Whalebone,) who competing with the best horses in England, was twenty-two times a winner, fourteen of which were four miles, carrying at 4 yrs. old 147lbs., and at 6 yrs. 166lbs. See Turf Reg. vol 6, p. 277. Harry Hill is entered in the great Criterion Stakes, $1000 entrance, $250 forfeit, eighteen subscribers, to be run over the Nashville course in the Spring of 1841. He is a colt of good size, fine form and game appearance.

5. *Chesnut colt*, foaled in the Spring of 1839, by old Rattler.

6. *Columbia*, ch. m. fooled in 1828, by old Eclipse, and dam by Sir Archy, g. d. by Imp Bedford, g. g. d. by Imp. Shark, (this mare was full sister to Col. Alexander's O'possum,) Goode's Twig, Fearnaught, Jolly Roger, Mark Anthony, Imp. Monkey. Col. Alexander, of whom I purchased Columbia, informed me that she started twice when 3 yrs. old, and though in bad condition, did herself credit, being second in each race; she was never trained afterwards; a purer pedigree cannot be found. Her yearling filly by Priam has been sold by me at $1000. She is now in foal by Imp. Philip. Her produce—

No. 7. *A Chesnut Colt*, by old Rattler, out of Columbia, by Eclipse.

No. 8. *Magnolia*, b. m., foaled in 1829, by Mons. Tonson, out of Juliet, by Kosciusko, g. d. Blank, by old Sir Archie, out of Imp. Psyche, (see Eng. Stud Book, vol. 1, p. 232), by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Bab, by Bordeaux, her dam Speranza (a sister to Saltram), by Eclipse, out of Virago by Snap, her dam by Regulus, out of sister to Black-and-all-Black by Crabb, her dam Miss Slamerkin, by young True Blue, her dam by Lord Oxford's Dun Arabian, out of the D'Arcy Blacklegged Royal Mare. This pedigree is not only unexceptionable, but many of the dams were distinguished on the turf. Magnolia at 3 yrs. old started in a sweepstake, mile heats, at ——, in Georgia, in a field of 5 or 6, and distanced the field the 1st heat, fell lame, and was never trained afterwards. Juliet distinguished herself in a two mile heat race with Frantic and Sea Gull, winning the 3d heat in 3.51½, and losing the fourth by a few inches only. See 3d vol. of Turf Reg., p. 269. She also ran a good second in a 3 mile heat race with the distinguished Mons. Tonson, at Milton, N. C. Her dam, Blank, was distinguished on the turf, beating, among others, the celebrated Walk-in-the-Water, 4 mile heats, at Charleston. Bab, the dam of Psyche, had great celebrity as a racer in England. Magnolia is in foal to American Eclipse.—Her produce

9. *Tumult*. a ch. c., 3 yrs. old, by old Rattler, fine size, very promising, now in training.

10. *Berenice*, b. m., foaled in the Spring of 1829, out of Madame Tonson, dam of Mons. Tonson, by Sir Archie, jr., a thorough-bred son of old Sir Archie, bred by Capt. Exum, of N. C., dam by Albermarle, grandam by Imp. Mousetrap, out of Dawson's Black-and-all-Black mare, she by Skipwith's Black-and-all-Black, her dam by old Mark Anthony—Apollo—Imp. Silver Eye—Imp. Jolly Roger—Imp. Mary Gray. William Williams, Esq., of Davidson Co., Tenn., the "Crofts" and "Panton" of the Turf Register, states that "the document containing the above pedigree now lies before me, regularly authenticated by oath." See 4th vol. Turf Reg., p. 570. No man had a higher reputation for truth than Capt. Exum, who gave the above certificate. Berenice is 16 hands high, and promises to perpetuate the fame of her dam as a brood mare. She is now in foal by Marshal Ney, a thorough-bred son of old Pacolet, and much in his mould, and was the sire of Linnet's dam Her produce—

11. *Tennessee*, b. f., 2 yrs. old last Spring, by Imp. Felt, the best son of Langar; she is 15½ hands high, one of the most beautiful 2 yr. olds of the season. Tennessee is entered in a 2 mile heat Sweepstake, to be run over the Gallatin Course in the Fall of 1840, $200 ent., $50 ft., 6 or 8 entries now in training.

12. *Irene*, b. f., 1 yr. old last Spring, by Anvil, very large and likely.

13. *Phantom*, b. c., 4 yrs. old, by Gohanna, out of Imp. Phantomia, dam of Anna Maria.

14. *Itawamba*, ch. c., 3 yrs. old, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Tenn. Oscar, g. d. by old Pacolet (Pantanelli's dam), g. g. d. by Imp. Cœur de Lion, g. g. g. d. by Grey Medley, Barry's Celer, &c. BALIE PEYTON & Co.

Oct. 19, 1839. [Oct. 26.]

CRITIC FOR SALE.

THE subscriber wishes to sell this thorough bred, and one of the best sons of Eclipse, his engagements not allowing him time to attend to such stock.

Critic received an injury early in his racing career, and was withdrawn from the turf, when he was purchased by the subscriber at a high figure, for his own breeding stud, on account of the purity of his blood, and the excellence of his points. On the Turf he was not distinguished, nor had he a fair chance of being so. He was foaled on the 29th of December, 1829, and according to our rules had to carry one years' weight more than he would have carried, had he been foaled three days afterwards. Again he was in the hands of a new turfman, who made his debut with Critic and another colt, and although it was acknowledged that he was hard to beat at training a trotter, he became fully satisfied, by awful experience, that it required a different system for a racer. Critic ran six races, from two to four mile heats, winning two and losing four, and receiving forfeit in a seventh.

As a stallion he has had no opportunity of distinction, but circumstances considered, he will not suffer by a comparison with any horse in the country. He has but five of his get living from bred mares. Two 4 year olds, two 3 year olds, and one 2 year old now breaking. The two 4 year olds have been run. One, although thought promising, has not been a winner. The other, Buck-Eye, has run five races. At 3 yrs. old he ran two mile heats, over the Upper Marlborough Course, in sand ankle deep in 5:50—5:49, beating Wonder handily the second heat, but the race was given to Wonder on account of the rider of Buck-Eye (at the instigation of some one in the crowd,) raising his whip to strike him, although ahead, which caused him to swerve from the track about two jumps, passing round a pole standing on a straight stretch, and the only pole on the track, although a circular one. Although Buck-eye lost ground by departing from the track, he thereby describing the arch of a circle while Wonder pursued a straight line, he beat him with great ease. It was offered immediately after to run Buck-Eye against Wonder, two mile heats, for from one to five thousand dollars, and not taken. It is not here intended to detract from the high reputation which belongs to Wonder, but to render to Buck-Eye that ample justice which was not accorded to him in the report of the race. He ran last Spring at Trenton, entirely out of condition, and was beaten mile heats. This fall Buck-Eye won the three mile heats at Norfolk in 5:50—5:56. At Washington City in two weeks afterwards, he ran the three mile day in 5:48, winning with ease, but in consequence of the rider of Buck-Eye having violated a rule of the club in running on the outside of the Course in the straight run home, the purse was given to the next best horse, although it was admitted by every one, owners as well as spectators that but for that untoward circumstance, no other horse in the race had any chance. The next week he won the four mile purse of $1000, over the Kendall Course, at Baltimore. The two 3 year olds before mentioned received their first galloping this fall, and have not yet appeared upon the Turf. They are large and promising.

It is upon the aforegoing facts that I say no horse in this country has given better assurance of becoming a valuable and successful stallion than Critic. Critic is a fine chesnut over fifteen and a half hands high, with no white except a star and stripe down the face, of uncommon length, bone and substance, is a sure foal getter, and his colts are large and fine.

Pedigree.—Critic was got by Eclipse, his dam Shillings' Crop mare, by Eclipse Herod, (the dam also of Joshua,) g. d. by Imp. Bedford, g. g. d. Grey, sometimes called Little Medley, g. g. g. d. by Tamerlane, g. g. g. g. d. by Imp. Juniper, g. g. g g. d. by Imp. Morton's Traveller, out of the Imp. mare Selima.

Critic's dam was one of the best bottomed nags in Maryland of her day, and whenever the heats were broken at four miles, she rarely lost. Her sire, Eclipse Herod, ran forty-four races, and won thirty-six, among them the four mile heats at Leesburg, Va., for five years in succession, against Col. Hoomes' best horses. This advertisement has already spread over too large a space. Critic, 10 years old on the 29th of December next, in fine health and condition, is now at the farm of Caleb Dorsey, Esq., near Louisville, Ky., where he can be seen. He will be sold for cash, or upon a credit of one and two years, with approved security. If not sold by the 15th of January, he will be let out in Kentucky, or return to Maryland to make his next season. For terms apply to Caleb Dorsey, near Louisville, Ky., or to the subscriber, directed to Canton, Madison Co., Mississippi.

CHARLES S. W. DORSEY.

[nov 23–tjan 15]

The Louisville Journal will please copy the above, and send their bill to the Galt House directed to Caleb Dorsey.

SWEEPSTAKES, MULBERRY COURSE.

SWEEPSTAKES of $200 each, h. ft., Mile heats, for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1839, to be run Spring of 1842, over the Mulber

Play Bills for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, Dec. 28—Last night but three of M'me CELESTE'S engagement; for particulars see bills of the day.

MONDAY, Dec. 30—Last night but two of M'me CELESTE and Mr. RANGER'S engagement; THE WEPT OF WISH-TON-WISH—the new Comedy of the GENTLEMAN AND THE UPSTART, written by Mr. Ranger—and THE WIZARD SKIFF.

TUESDAY, Dec. 31—Last night but one of M'me CELESTE and RANGER'S engagement; THE CHILD OF THE WRECK—THE GENTLEMAN AND THE UPSTART—and THE ESCAPE OF CHARLES II.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 1—THE WIZARD SKIFF—THE DEVIL'S DAUGHTER, (in both of which Mad. Celeste will perform—THE MAN ABOUT TOWN—and THE QUADRUPEDS

THURSDAY, Jan. 2—Mr. RANGER'S Benefit.

FRIDAY, Jan. 3—M'me CELESTE'S Benefit.

CONCERT HALL, ST. LOUIS, Mo.

THE undersigned (Proprietor of the above establishment) wishes to make known to Professional Ladies and Gentlemen, Conductors of Exhibitions of a respectable character, &c. &c., who may be desirous of visiting the city of St. Louis, Mo., that they can be accommodated with the Grand Hall, 100 feet by 40, and 20 feet high—the Lecture Hall, 70 feet by 40, and other commodious rooms in the building, for Concerts, Lectures, Exhibitions, &c., &c., by the night or week, by applying to

WM. L. WELLS, at Concert Hall, Market st., St. Louis, Mo.

Dec., 1839.—[dec21-6t]

MOBILE THEATRE.

THE undersigned are building a Theatre in Mobile, which will be ready to open on Christmas eve. It will be more eligibly situated than their late one, and of greater dimensions. It will accommodate *twelve hundred persons*. Professional ladies and gentlemen will please address the firm at Mobile.

[nov30-3t] LUDLOW & SMITH.

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

CINCINNATI, VICKSBURG, AND NATCHEZ THEATRES, under the direction of Messrs. Scott and Thorne.

The members of the profession are respectfully informed that the above theatres will be open during the ensuing winter.

Application for engagements (post paid) will meet with immediate attention, by directing to the National Theatre, Cincinnati.

N. B. None but artists of acknowledged talent need apply. [sept 7]

Things Theatrical.

The Park.—We bring to theatricals this week a spirit none of the gayest, for what with a confounded sore throat, a plenty of fun out of theatres during the holidays, and "a plentiful lack" of novelty *in* them, it is hardly possible to eke out a meagre column of "things theatrical" in New York. CELESTE has renewed her engagement at the Park, and of this second one, has thus far played four nights. The business the first two nights was not remunerating; on Thursday and last evening, the force of RANGER was added and with marked effect, though still nothing need be said about overflowing houses.

Mr. Ranger is an artist who cannot be presented too often for the suffrages of play-goers. His personations are uniformly exceedingly true to nature, and this single excellence entitles him to the amplest measure of applause. On Thursday evening he played to a fair house in the "Romantic Widow." An audience could scarcely have evinced more pleasure, than did his on that occasion Wherever, indeed, Mr. Ranger has played, he has not failed to secure the warmest support of those whose applause is best worth caring for. The only objection to his engagements is, that they are too far removed from each other. His style is so unlike that of a majority of actors—it is so simple, and *apparently* so unstudied—that he is better appreciated at the end than in the earlier parts of an engagement. To be profitable to managers, therefore, one engagement should follow another with rapidity; the intervals between engagements should at all times be short.

Next week Mr. Ranger, who has already appeared in one of his own plays, will bring out a comedy of his own in five acts, entitled "the Gentleman and the Upstart." It would be unfair to forestall public opinion as to the merits of this production; but we may claim for him at least the compliment of a full house, and there can be no doubt that he will have such a house if the comedy is produced on his own benefit night. There are many passages in the life of Mr. Ranger so singular, nay, so romantic, that they would of themselves give him a hold upon a New York public; and we, who know no more of his history than half the town perhaps may be able to repeat, should be allowed to say on a theme of this nature, that an audience composed as those of the Park are wont to be, cannot more worthily impart the homage of their support, than by a full attendance whenever the name of Mr. Ranger is put up for a benefit.

The engagements of Celeste and Mr. Ranger continue we presume through the approaching week. Those fond of the stage will be able hence to seek pleasure in two styles of performance, perfectly distinct in their main features, and resembling each other only in the rare and exquisite finish so peculiar to each of them.

Chatham Theatre.—Mr. JAMES WALLACK has been playing here during the week to varying houses, according to the attraction at other theatres, or in other pastimes, might affect him. The *debut* of Miss JULIA and Miss FANNY WALLACK, daughters of Mr. HENRY WALLACK, was announced for Monday last, but was then, for some reason, postponed to Friday. Our paper goes to press at too early an hour on Saturday, to allow an *extended* notice of the Friday's performance at any theatre, and as the Chatham is rather off our route, we cannot hope to announce the success of the fair *debutantes* before another week. They will hardly credit us if we tell them, now, that our warmest wishes in their favor incline us to hope little for their success in a vocation to them so novel.

The Olympic.—The success attending MITCHELL'S speculation is on the increase; the attendance is not only highly respectable, but the house is almost nightly crowded to the ceiling. In addition to BROWN, HORNCASTLE, Mrs. PLUMER, and other great favorites in light comedy, Mitchell is about to "flare up" with a series of musical entertainments, for which it is understood Mr. and Mrs. SEGUIN are engaged.

Concerts.—These musical entertainments still continue in vogue with us. The past week has introduced a company of male vocalists from Boston, whose performances have elicited unqualified approbation on all hands. We first heard them at the dinner of the New England Society on Monday last; they were loudly applauded on that occasion. The next evening, they appeared in a Concert of their own at the same place, and those who were present assure us that they received, as they deserved, enthusiastic cheers. The names of the individuals composing this company are Messrs. WHITE, BLANEY, LAURIAT and BLANEY. We do not know if they sing again in New York; should they do so, we advise all curious in musical matters to attend.

ENGLISH THEATRICAL ON DITS.

[From the Age of the 17th ult.]

Mr. G. Vandenhoff has been engaged for five nights at Liverpool, and has appeared as *Leon, Julian St. Pierre, Faulconbridge*, and the *Duke Aranza*.—We give the following from a Liverpool paper of Nov. 12, as the critic in some measure falls into our views of Mr. Vandenhoff's capabilities:—"We had, last night, the pleasure of seeing the late solicitor to the Dock-trust strutting and fretting his hour upon the stage—an occupation which, if we mistake not, will be more congenial to his education, habits, and inclination, than the sedentary and unexciting employment which he has just discarded. His heart appears to be in his new vocation; and should he be careful to avoid all mannerisms, and to give freedom to his own impulses and conceptions, it is not impossible that, in the present dearth of stage talent, he may worthily fill the station vacated by Charles Kemble, and make the profession profitable to himself and instructive to his auditors. Let him, however, avoid the rock on which the fortunes of many a candidate for histrionic honors has been wrecked—that of being led to an inordinate vanity of his own abilities and acquirements by the injudicious praise of pretended friends and empyrical critics. He has had a good example before him, and must have derived much information relative to the art of stage-playing, and much intellectual cultivation, from the accident of birth; but he has still a great deal to learn; and perhaps that most difficult lesson of all—knowledge of himself."

The next character Miss Delcy will appear in will be *Zerlina*, in Auber's opera of *Fra Diavolo*. There is also an opera in preparation for her by Fitzball. The subject he has selected is *The Phantom Ship*.

On dit, a daughter of Frederick Vining's is about to appear at Drury-Lane, as *Juliet* to Mr. G. V. Brookes's *Romeo*.

Bochsa and Mrs. Bishop have given a concert at Copenhagen.

Mr. Paumier has been performing *Damon, Claude Melnotte*, and *Richard the Third*, with great success at Clonmel.

Buckstone's benefit at Birmingham was an overflow. Many went away from the doors that could not obtain admittance. His provincial tour for a fortnight netted him upwards of two hundred pounds.

Templeton had a bumper at Dublin, likewise Miss Romer. Balfe's opera of *The Siege of Rochelle* was revived with great success.

Sir E. L. Bulwer's *Sea Captain* will be produced to-morrow at the Liverpool Theatre. Stuart will perform *Norman*, the hero of the drama

Mr. Ternan opened the Newcastle Theatre on Friday with a favorite comedy and other entertainments.

The Bury theatre closed on Friday with *Rural Felicity, The Loan of a Lover*, and *Katherine and Petruchio, Petruchio* by Mr. G. V. Brooke.

Mrs. Honey succeeds Miss Romer, Templeton, and Balfe at Dublin. She made her first appearance these two years on Tuesday evening in the comedy of *My Grandfather's Will*, and in a new interlude, never before performed here, entitled *Seventy and Seventeen*. Mr. Balfe took his benefit on Thursday, and received substantial testimony of the high estimation in which his musical genius is held.

The proprietors of Drury-Lane Theatre, represented by the trustees (the Earl of Glengall, Mr. Durant, and Mr. A. Baugh), were summoned before Mr. Hall, the Magistrate at Bow-street, at the instance of the parochial authorities of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, for refusing to pay the poor-rate assessed upon Drury-Lane Theatre, amounting to the sum of £82 10s. After hearing Messrs. Bodkin and Le Breton for the Vestry, and Mr. Burgess for the defendants, the summons was dismissed; but it was intimated on the part of the parish that a *mandamus* would be immediately applied for, in the Court of Queen's Bench, to compel the magistrate to revoke his decision on Wednesday.

Mark Lemon has a musical drama at the St. James's, which is likely to be put in rehearsal immediately. The music by Augustine Wade.

Mrs. Beaumont, who, a few days since charged Mrs. Ford with an assault, and which case was heard at Bow-street, is, we understand the celebrated Madame Inez, who figured in an affair at Portsmouth some twelve months since. Mrs. Ford is a very ill-used woman, and deserving of a better fate.—We believe Mrs. Beaumont has left Drury-Lane, and we hear that Mrs. Ford has been liberated.

THE NEW THEATRE, OXFORD STREET.—This extensive structure is fast approaching to completion, and will be opened about the latter end of next January. There are few, if any, theatres which will possess so many advantages as the above, both as regards the audience and stage department; for while the comfort of the spectator has been assiduously studied in the former, convenience and capabilities have not been neglected in the latter. Its approaches will be roomy, grand, and easy of access, and the interior, light, chaste and elegant, being at the same time of uncommon strength as regards the construction. The pit will hold about 800 persons, and is so formed that all will be able both to hear and see. The boxes will form two perfect circles, besides slips and private ones, and are nearly twelve inches deeper than those at Covent-Garden, which will considerably increase the space for each person, and consequently add to their accommodation. The gallery from which every part of the stage will be visible, is intended to contain from 5 to 600. The concert rooms will be, when complete, the most magnificent in London—the large one (the entrance to which is in Castle-street) is nearly finished, the figures and the ornamental paintings being alone wanted. The whole, when ready for the reception of the public, will have cost the proprietor nothing short of £50,000

On Saturday last, at the St. James's Theatre, the gentleman who acts as Treasurer actually—either in a fit of generosity or abstractedness—paid no less a sum than *twenty-five sovereigns*, instead of as many shillings, to some of the performers on the establishment. A notice was posted in the theatre, calling upon the receivers instantly to return the same. We have not heard whether the fortunate individuals have been generous enough to comply with the request. Tom Cooke facetiously remarked, that *gold* appeared to be as plentiful at the St. James's as *brass* was at the *Adelphi*.

It is stated in certain literary circles, that Lord Brougham has been engaged for some time in composing a new drama, the publication of which is anticipated with considerable curiosity. It is to be entitled "Life in Paris, or the Schoolmaster Abroad, and is to be dedicated to his friend Mr. Alfred Montgomery. We have not heard whether it be adapted for the stage, or is intended only for private perusal. Globe.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING POST.

SIR—Perceiving in your critique upon the new spectacle produced last evening, entitled "The Knight of the Dragon and the Queen of Beauty," in allusion to the costumes of the piece, that you say Mr. Yates wore a *fac-simile* of the dress of the King of the Tournament at Eglinton." I beg to state that the dress I appeared in, as stated in the bills, was the identical one worn by the Marquis of Londonderry on that occasion, and that all the other dresses shown in the piece were worn by the distinguished personages who took part in that chivalric pageant.—I have the honor to be, Sir, your obedient servant, FREDERICK H. YATES.

Adelphi Theatre Royal, Nov. 19.

[From the Age of the 17th ult.]

HAYMARKET.—Buckstone has returned to his old quarters, and has appeared in "The Spitalfield's Weaver," "Tom Noddy's Secret," and "Our Mary Anne." "The Sea Captain" has been repeated every evening, and Power stands well on "His Last Legs." We have seen that farce three or four times, and can see it as many more without being tired. It is the very best provocative of laughter we have seen for years. Power is irresistible in *Sir Callaghan*.

The Calcutta Theatre was accidentally destroyed by fire on the 6th of May last. The scenery, the splendid wardrobe, and paraphernalia, the valuable dramatic library, the benches, trellis-work, frame-work, curtains, cushions, the whole property—in short, (excepting a cloak and the plate of the Beef-Steak Club), including all the chattels and wearing-apparel of poor Mr. Chester, the Secretary, and his family, fell a prey to the "devouring element."

VAN AMBURGH.—The most amusing statements about Mr. Van Amburgh are making the round of the French press. In a sort of biography of that gentleman we are told that his favorite amusement in America was to walk into the woods and tame bears, which he left at liberty, and visited from time to time as old acquaintances. One bear, which he called Job, was, however, his travelling companion. Being at sea with this bear, Mr. Van Amburgh saw a shark, and jumped overboard with an iron bar in his hand, to tame the monster The shark, however, got hold of the bar, and having let it drop to the bottom, was about to make a meal of the man who had volunteered the task of civilising him, when, in despair, Van Amburgh called to Job, who was quietly looking on, confident of his master's power, and expecting to see the shark come on board as a docile pupil. Job obeyed the call, and jumped overboard to assist the shark tamer. He immediately (says the biographer) caught the monster round the waist, and with one fraternal hug squeezed the breath out of his body. The shark was drawn into the ship by means of a hook; and Job, as the reward of his valor, was permitted to partake of the soup which the crew made from his fins.

From the Examiner, of the 17th ult.

DRURY LANE.—*Pedro* asks *Cinderella* in the opera—"Only one secret I want to know, and that is, when I shall be better off?" Mr. Hammond was the *Pedro*—Miss Delcy, the new singer, was *Cinderella*—and the audience took on themselves to answer the question with a hearty shout of congratulation. Mr. Hammond felt no doubt that he was better off already.

And he had good reason. If we do not greatly mistake the most promising signs of success we have witnessed in a theatre for many years, Miss Delcy, as she is called, has turned the fortunes of Drury Lane. We are very glad of it. We think Mr. Hammond for many reasons entitled to support; we have a great admiration for the theatre he manages; and it is impossible for any one to look at the new singer for a moment, without feeling a lively interest for so simple, so engaging, so youthful, and so clever a person. We never saw an English *Cinderella* that pleased us more, or one that made upon the instant so many friends. She seemed to walk at once out of her chimney corner to the familiar fireside of every person in the theatre.

Miss Delcy is remarkably youthful in appearance, with a pretty face, very graceful manners, and the most rare merit of an artless and modest self-possession. She did nothing throughout the opera in which her own heart did not seem engaged and interested, if we except that which we thought the least successful of her musical efforts, the *Finale*. We did not see her till the second night, and therefore avail ourselves of the account of her first appearance given by the *Morning Chronicle*.

"Her appearance was attended with triumphant success, yet not more triumphant than well-merited She is, in her appearance, a fine young woman; above the middle stature, elegantly formed, and graceful, with an ease of deportment gained by some experience, as we are informed, on the provincial boards—an excellent preparation for appearing in the metropolis. In her acting there was a great deal of simplicity and nature. As a singer her attainments are of a high order. It is owing, we should believe, to her youth, that her voice has not yet attained that mellowness and equality, in all parts of the scale, of which it seems to be capable. Its compass appears to be *mezzo soprano*, somewhat deficient in tone and fullness in its lowest notes, but, in the middle and upper part of the scale, rich brilliant, and beautiful. Her method is admirable, and bespeaks the most skilful tuition. Her notes are formed with the utmost purity of tone, and prolonged, swelled, and diminished, with that smoothness and delicacy—that "linked sweetness" which is the glory of the Italian school—a school of which Miss Lacy is evidently a disciple. She sings, too, very finely in tune, except occasionally in her shake, that stumbling-block to the best singers. She sings with great intelligence and expression; and frequently, by some delicate and unexpected trait of feeling in the delivery of a single phrase, reminded us of Malibran and Pauline Garcia in the same part. The concluding bravura ('Non piu mesta' in the original) did not please us so much, we confess, as the more unpretending performances which preceded it. Singers consider this as the *cheval de bataille* of the opera, and lay hold of it as an opportunity of making a great display of execution. But Miss Lacy carried this too far; for she literally buried the melody under a load of flourishes which hardly left a vestige of its original form; and some of them—particularly the passage of immense leaps, extending to a couple of octaves—were much more surprising than beautiful. Miss Lacy received a great deal of applause; her best efforts were encored; and, at the end of the piece, the delight and admiration of the audience were most emphatically expressed."

In this for the most part our experience of the second night would dispose us to agree most thoroughly, nor do we regret to see her faults pointed out as strongly as her beauties. She can well afford it, and we would venture to predict, will be the first to profit by it. The masterpiece both of her acting and singing, seemed to us to be the finale to the first act.

The opera was very beautifully produced, with many exquisite scenes; altogether creditably performed; and on the result, and the better prospect it opens before him, Mr. Hammond may sincerely congratulate himself and his young and powerful ally.

[From the Morning Post of the 21st ult.]

COVENT GARDEN.—There was last night a crowded audience at this theatre to witness the double attraction of Knowles's beautiful play of "Love," and of "The Beggar's Opera," with Miss Austin as Polly, Harrison as Macheath, and Vestris as Lucy Lockit. "Love" is much improved in its performance, curtailment of particular scenes having condensed its interest, and added vigor to the general effect of the representation. Miss Tree was loudly called for at its termination, and was led on by Anderson to receive her meed of praise. The Beggar's Opera was now produced with unqualified success, and with a good deal of improvement upon the old style of its production. Granby and Selby opened the performance as Beggar and Player, and gave that explanatory introduction in dialogue which has been so long banished from the stage, but which accounts for its title, opens out its meaning to the audience, and paves the way of its political and dramatic satire. Miss Austin's Polly was, in all respects, very superior to her Mandane, and she sang from first to last with more quality and expression than she displayed in her debut in the latter character. She also manifested the faults which we indicated on her first appearance—a want of chaste purity, warmth, spirit, and soul. The beautiful melody of "Oh! ponder well," she sang with considerable sweetness; but in the more brilliant song of "Cease your funning," she forced her execution: she was, however, warmly encored. Harrison made a decided hit as Macheath. We never heard him sing so well before; and, making allowance for a little awkwardness and want of life and swagger to illustrate the dash of the character, he acted fairly too. His fine tenor was beautifully expressive in several of the most delightful airs of the opera. "If the heart of a man is opprest with care," and "How happy could I be with either," he was called on to repeat, it is fair to say, with enjoyment, and not tiresomeness, to the audience. Vestris, as Lucy Lockit, was admirable; full of grace, liveliness, natural acting, and fine development of feeling. She sang her several songs, too, with fine accuracy. Farren was expressive in his by-play as Peachem, and Bartley was jolly and spirited as Lockit. In the last scene of the opera the Player and the Beggar again made their appearance, and spoke the demi-epilogue which explained the denouement of the play. This was a departure from the modernised performance of the drama, but a return to the original, which is certainly judicious and effective. It is impossible to speak too highly of the general getting up of the piece, and at its termination both Harrison and Miss Austin were called for and loudly applauded. The opera will decidedly draw as a second piece. It was announced for repetition for this evening.

Miss Austin, the new Mandane at Covent Garden, is a daughter of Mr. Geo. Austin, an architect of Canterbury. The young lady has had justice done to her great merit and growing attraction by a settled engagement at Covent Garden, on terms commensurate with a very liberal sense of past, present, and future services.

PARISIAN THEATRICALS.

MISS AUGUSTA MAYWOOD'S DEBUT.—On Monday Miss Maywood made her first appearance. Great was the assemblage at the Académie, and great was the triumph of the *débutante*, A. Maywood, for such is her name. She is the daughter of Mr. Maywood, the proprietor of a New York theatre, and sister of the young Lady who lately appeared at the Haymarket Theatre, as *Bianco* in *Fazio*. Augusta was announced to dance with C. Mabille a *pas de deux* in the opening scene of the ballet of *La Diable Boiteux*. When Augusta appeared, as is the custom, not a hand was raised to cheer her—a terribly disheartening situation, which must add materially to the ordinary stage fright. A murmur of surprise ran through the house in recognising almost a girl, certainly not more than fifteen or sixteen, with handsome features, of the Jewish *caste*, raven locks, black and expressive eyes, the limbs beautifully rounded and formed; in short, a perfect Hebe. The *pas de deux* commenced as usual with the slow movement, which Augusta gave in the Heberlé school, raising herself on the point of the feet, with the reclining attitudinizing. It was here observed that there was more daring than *à plomb* in her efforts, that the foot swerved, and that the ancle shook, but from the moment that the quick movement was commenced by Augusta it was seen that she was a *danseuse* of no ordinary talent. Augusta bounds, whirls, wheels, springs, leaps, and glides in all directions in the most novel and surprising manner, utterly setting at nought all received rules and conventional forms, but, like a child of nature, trusting only to grace and original dictates. The graceful boldness of her steps, the peculiarity of her pirouttes, her double turns, and curious *enjambées* and *entrechats*, fairly, to use a worn-out expression, took the audience by surprise, and who applauded her eccentricities to the very echo. In *Galignani*, the morning before her *début*, the following article appeared:—

"A singularly interesting candidate for public favor makes her first curtesy before a Parisian audience this evening at the Grand Opera, in the person of Miss Augusta Maywood, a young American lady, of whose grace, beauty, and talent, theatrical report speaks very highly. Miss Maywood appeared last year, when little more than a child, before her countrymen in New York, where her success was of the most enthusiastic kind."

ACTORS AND HIGHWAYMEN.—A few years since, when the Bristol company played at Bath, and were returning home after the performance, their carriage was stopped by a man on horseback (a highwayman). A lady, one of the company, being rather alarmed, cried out, "Pray don't hurt us." "Fear not, my dear madam," replied the gentleman, "there's work to be done on the road tonight; but my officers know you quite well, so you will all pass free. Good night," and off he rode. They had not travelled two miles further before two gentlemen of the gang made their appearance at each window of the carriage, demanding their money. The ladies fainted, and the gentlemen cried out, "Why, don't you know us?—we are the actors of the Bristol theatre, who have been playing at Bath this evening." "Oh, indeed!" replied the gentlemen of stand-and-deliver notoriety, "no, no! we never rob each other."

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A CHRONICLE OF THE TURF, LITERATURE AND THE STAGE

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Ninth) of this paper was commenced on the 9th of March, 1839, enlarged by the addition of FOUR EXTRA PAGES, printed on linen paper of the finest texture and on new type. The present volume will be embellished with not less than SEVEN SUPERB ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL, from Paintings by the most eminent Artists, with a variety of beautifully executed *Etchings* and *Engravings* on Wood. The Pictorial Embellishments on Steel are intended to consist of Portraits of Distinguished Winning Horses, and of the most celebrated "Stars" in the Theatrical World. In the first number (March 9) was given a Portrait of Mad'lle AUGUSTA, the popular danseuse, in the character of "*La Sylphide*," engraved on Steel by *Hinshilwood*, and a Portrait, also on Steel, of BLACK MARIA, engraved by *Dick*, from a Painting by *Troye*. Other Engravings are in hand, and will appear immediately.

The "Spirit of the Times" was established by its present Editor Dec. 10, 1831; the *Old Series* contained Five Volumes. On the 20th Feb., 1836, a *New Series* was commenced which closed on the 23d of Feb., 1839, comprising Three Volumes; a very few copies of the last two may be had bound at the Office, or they will be sent in sheets to order through the Mail.

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